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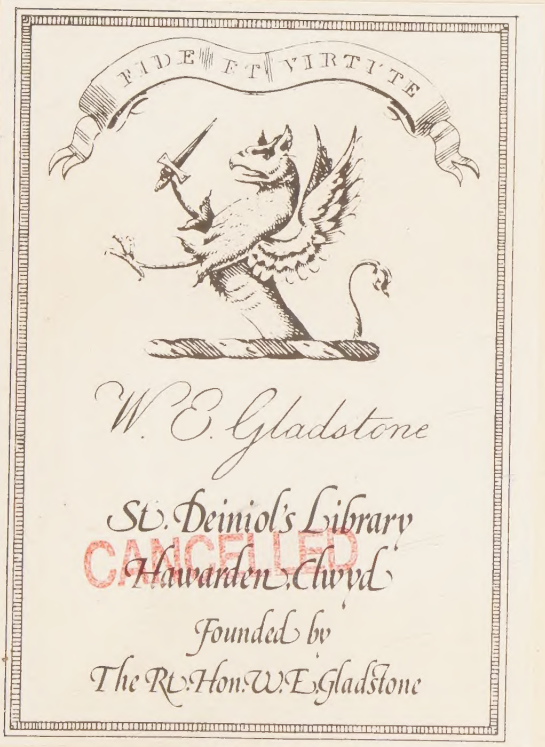

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GOTAMA THE MAN

GOTAMA THE MAN

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BY

MRS. RHYS DAVIDS, D.LITT., M.A.

AUTHOR OF

BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGICAL ETHICS, BUDDHISM (HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY) BUDDHIST PSYCHOLOGY, PSALMS OF THE EARLY BUDDHISTS,[1] KINDRED SAYINGS,[1] OLD CREEDS AND NEW CREEDS, THE WILL TO PEACE, WILL AND WILLER, ETC., ETC.

[1] Pali Text Society's Editions.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE subject of this book bears as its title the name of the man who gave to his world the message out of which grew the cults known as Buddhism. In fact and chiefly it deals with the message itself. The man is here. But he does not sanction the worth in which either he or his message is held to-day. He does not sanction that men regard him as either more-than-man, or as philosopher or as very monk. This man was more than either philosopher or monk. He was a messenger of a mandate such as has come now and again to earth :—a mandate to the very man, who is not just mind or body, about his nature, about what he may become, about the way before him. Here is no system of metaphysic or of ethics ; here is what we call religion.

He was a man alive to this world as needing help ; he looked upon men's way-faring in the worlds as a very true thing ; he believed in the help a man might bring men about that if he were true in word. Men revered him for the help he brought them in that. Men believed the words in which he

told them about that. Men valued the new word he gave them about things they had so thought of before. They received his message as the New and the Better. They did not value it otherwise. They did not honour in him the orator, or the more-than-man. They loved him as the helper, the warder of them, as one who respected each man, woman and child for that who was central in each :—the Man—use for that what other word we may.

This man and this message are much smothered in the records handed down first orally and then scripturally by the monastic vehicle known as the Sangha. It is difficult now to get a true idea of either. But it should be recognized more than it yet is, that to take those records at their face-value, at their self-worth is not to have a true version or a true picture. For they are but palimpsests. With such, super-growth must be rubbed off. And that the Man himself should, as living man, here tell his message, as well as of all that tended to produce that super-growth may prove to be a way of showing the truer things that lie beneath. Let him then speak, as if here, as if in our tongue, to each of us.

I

MY EARLY LIFE

I AM the man who is called the Buddha, Sakyamuni, Bhagavat. I am the man Siddhattha Gotama. I have a mandate for the earth. The " man " is my theme.

I am very man. I am not anything of the nature of a wonder-being. In the books that were written in Ceylon from the older memorized sayings, I am spoken of in some ways worthily, but in the way of truth as to myself the telling is often worthless. Here and there a word, a phrase has been added, has been changed, has dropped out, showing as a result the greater honour which had become ascribed to me as being not just the man, but as something wondrous in man's form. Men had a wonderful worth in the man who had worked in a worthy way for their welfare. They honoured in me the things which I had not. They came to worship in me much that was reckoned as belonging to that wonder-man whom sages

and prophets in India had honoured as warder of the earth, as king or as teacher.[1] Those who so honoured me were worthy men, but they did not understand this, that the honour wherewith they glorified king or teacher was chiefly due to those unseen willers inspiring the man, whose will it was to be willed by the Best he could conceive, however he called That.

And in thus honouring the man, men looked to him to do wonders, or as your world says, miracles. Men looked to me to do such. Herein they are not altogether unreasonable. Where they see unusual worth, they incline to see more power, more will, more willing than in the normal man; that power, that will which champions the New, the Not-yet-valued, the Not-yet-begun, the Not-yet worked. It was this that they saw in me. It was not the worthless wish just to be astonished. It was the testing my power, my fitness to be a leader in the New.

I will tell of the home which I left. And I will tell of the little new world I came to when I left my home.

That home was a happy one, and I as a raja's son and heir grew up among a people that honoured me. I had the very worthy

father in Suddhôdana.[2] The record that I was often with him as a boy when he sat to judge is true. My mother Māyā[3] was of lovely character. She was not of India; the blue eyes of me of which the books speak [4] tell of that. But she died when I was a boy—no, not just after my birth; that tale belongs to the old myth into which they fitted me. Her sister Pajāpatī mothered me well.

I was told of what the seer Asita had foretold at my birth.[5] He could speak with wise willers of the next world, as you have it in the books. He was their medium, though he counted for little as a brahman. The tale of those other eight brahmans, called as augurs to foretell my fortunes, is in part true.[6] Every noble did the like at the birth of a son. They were quite worthy men, but they were in no way inspired as was Asita. In certain ways they were wise. They were interested in the career of the aristocrat, were he brahman or noble; in the man of distinction, in his wealth, power, reputation, notable deeds, in the body of him, not in his mind, nor in the "man." They were concerned about the few, not about the many. The welfare of the people as a whole, the welfare of the insignificant and the unfortunate was not their care. And it is quite untrue, that any of those eight,

or their sons waited long years for me, till I should leave the world and join them.[7]

When one day I was told that I must marry, and was given the maiden Yasodharā,[8] I was glad, for she was good, and I could hold her in the worth I wished to hold all women. I did not approve of the status given to all women save only to the mothers of sons. But even with her the customs and traditions of my world were too strong for me to work a change.

In my youth brahmans taught me as young nobles were then taught. I did not leave home to be trained in a brahman's house at any learned centre. In my case it would have been too long a journey to get to Taxilā. My teachers were my father's chaplain and then also my own. I grew up with my half-brother Nanda and with my cousins Ānanda, Mahānāma and Anuruddha. We were taught verses from the Vedas, in the old tongue, though it was as unlike that which we had in daily use as is, say, your Chaucer to your current language. We spoke a kind of what you call Prakrit, a speech very widely in use in our day, varying according to regions, but not so very much. But the Pali of the books—that I had to learn, long, long after, when in another world I came to see the written

manuscripts, and when I read all that had been preserved, all that had changed, all that had been added, all that had been left out.

And we were taught of the duties of the man to parent, to family, to guest, to teacher, to his class, of the merit in sacrifice and rite, of the things the worthy man should not do, of the truthful word he should speak. But we heard not that his fate in the hereafter would be according as he had, or had not carried out those duties *towards men*. That there would be a hereafter all believed. India was not blind to that extent. But clear word on it there was none.

We learned all that a noble's sons learned :— we learned how to govern, how to fight, how to train the body in exercises, in sport, in riding and bowmanship,[9] we learned deportment towards this or that class, in the assembly, in the city, and towards envoys. I was for the times very well educated, nor did I ignore my duties as a young noble and future leader among fellow-rajas.* That when adolescent and man I was sheltered in a luxurious, hidden way as is told of me is quite untrue. The young man Yasa,[10] whom I met years afterwards, in a different country and climate

* The heads of clans were all called rajas. The word did not necessarily mean *ruling* raja.

from my hill-home, was in a life of effeminate and sheltered ease, as is more or less rightly told of him. That foolish way of his father in his case men came, in course of time, to think was true of me. It never was. I was a youth of few wants, disliking luxury; I loved the open life in the world, of work among men, of the warding of men. And my father was too wise a man to have brought me up so. Many women there were in my house as a matter of course.[11] Women counted as inferior to men, as a higher race of animal, betwixt beast and man. Now I regarded in each woman the very "man"—the self, the soul—even as I looked to the very man in each man. So regarding women I came to find them even more worthy than men. Years later when they had come to mean much in my work, I found them more truthful workers than men. In my home life already I was eager to have men not work women as was done, and to have women not look to men to ward them in everything.

That they were underworthed was even in my youth a grief to me. A grief too was the underworthing by the brahman chaplains of the working class. They held that these were a lower sort of human breed. I regarded them as of the same race as myself. I was worldly

in a worthy but worldly class, but I was always "mondial" in my worldliness. Everywhere I saw the Man.

A grief to me was the way in which the warrior or noble valued war. I honoured my class as workers, not as fighters; as tillers of the soil, as were more or less all nobles in my days, not as settling disputes by bloodshed.

Grievous too to me was their scorn of the men of the market. The work of the merchant it was, that most brought messages to my young mind. The merchants were the men of the way, of the road. I too was to become a man of the Way. They came and they went as a noble could not come and go. They saw other lands, they saw the great waters, they heard, they learnt. I was often with them, both them of my country and them of other countries. I was also much with the man whose duty it was to inspect imported goods and fix prices.[12] I could be hearing of the greater world without. I had ever more world-lore than my fellows, both then and later. I would have travelled too. But the noble as noble could not travel in his own interests. And later, as teacher, I could not leave my little world to itself. I could only send others afield. But merchant travellers

taught me much. They would tell of lands to the west, Arabia, Egypt, the Levant, the warriors called Wends, the man of Asia to whom the Greeks listened : Thales, and that further distant man who had the father-will toward his people, Solon. I used also to hear of the man in Persia who had taught the Highest as the Good. I will say more of that presently. We heard of a great forth-faring west to wage war. But never was it worded that *we* had come into our country from without. That was too far back in time. And as incomers, as strangers, we had willed to hide, to forget our " without-ness." We heard of nearer things : of teachers in India, of one who had had a new message of reform among men who taught the mantras. But among ourselves there was no new teaching.

I never lost the worth in which I held those *satthavāhas*—those men who " bore the goods." I owed them much then ; they widened my vision. I owed them much later, for two of them whom I knew found me dying of fasting and tended me[13] ; another became the chief supporter of my little world of monks.[14] Merchants were drawn by my teaching of the road, the Way ; they were drawn too by my faith in what man might become, for they

were ever staking much on the might-be in the matter of profit. In later years I found that merchants were attracted by a teacher such as I was who called for faith in man's future. They held I was luck-wise.

The books have noted that I used to speak of the warrior's work with horse, with elephant, with cattle, with the bow, the hunt, the plough, the war :—things that belonged to my class. But to this, my sympathy with the man of the market :—his way-faring, his wider world, his adventure in unseen gains, his bearing goods afar—too little justice has been done. They have dropped out the saying in which I addressed the merchants at Vesāli. All this is monks' work. Their vision of the world was too narrowed to be touched by these things. They made good travellers as missionaries, but they held in little honour the man who travelled with the goods.

The man of the market was a wanderer. I too loved wandering when I was free. But it was not given me then to wander as did they, to find, to see, to learn of the New. And it was the New that I needed. Not for me was it to find the better way in this and that in the sayings of other men, chanted to us over and over again by repeaters. Something fresh,

something further, something whereby we might grow seemed the thing needed. Needed by myself if so be I might make it become needed by others. Needed not by this man nor that woman of my own class only, nor of my merchant friends only; it was every man's need, wherewith I was beginning to travail.

My people grew worried to see me troubled with Everyman's troubles (I like your word Everyman). Had I told women of my trouble, they might have answered, that for them the joy in the child outweighed the woes. But it was not the way then to make woman one's confessor, not even the wife. Mine had now her son, but I had not the mothering of him, and did not taste such comfort. There were chaplains, but they did not take into account as I did the everyman, the man in the multitude. They were worthy men, but they had not the care of the many, the burden of the many, the blindness of the many in their heart.

Then it came to me to be taught a very world-message. But the books do not give it rightly.[16]

I was driving in my chariot on a day when it seemed good to be alive. I was in the prime of healthy manhood. My world had surely all I could ask for—why will to alter it? I

bade the driver go to the woods where I loved to be, to the quiet solitude where no man was. But there in the wood I met a man, a very old and world-worn man. He saluted me. I responded and wished him well. He said, he was not well, no, not long for this world; another world lay before him. I said, "Will it help you to be thinking about it ?" He said sadly, "I wish I knew! We need the telling about the longer lasting of us."

"The longer lasting!" . . . it went home; the glory of the woodland waned, and I bade the driver go back. Who could word that "telling"? I spoke of this to the chaplains. They were vague:—"The rites in the oblations ward us hereafter." But they were men who could get into touch with the unseen. They would surely know, and I felt comforted.

Then one day I drove again to the woods enjoying life. I was full of zeal to make my little world as worthy as a man could, contented with the work in and for this life of earth. I met the old man again. He was more world-worn; he was ill. I wished him well, but he was now looking for death to end his sufferings. "But *you*," I said, "will not die." But he was moaning that all was strange and dark ahead, and no man could ward him. He was as a lonely orphan.

I went home troubled and again consulted the brahmans. They said, I was worrying too much; the man could have learnt from brahmans. Had he made offerings? Had he taken part in the offering? I asked, "Would it matter hereafter how the man had lived?" "In this world, yes," they said, "but welfare hereafter is decided by the prayers in the rites." "But if," I said, "the unrighteous man join in these?" "He will fare worse than the righteous partaker," they said. But they admitted they did not hold righteousness in greater worth than the ritual, or as even equal in worth.

I was getting worried. What would be my outlook when I came to be like that sick old man? I drove yet again to the woods, and I sought him. I found him lying dead on his bed. . . . A very messenger he was to me. It was of him I thought when, years afterwards, I spoke of the next world's three messengers—old age, sickness and death—to man.[17] But the worldless wanderer [18] told of in the story about me I saw not. He was put in by those who worded the story. Considered he should be, for he shows man as having here regard to the next world. And that he does not yet do. It is the three messengers of the men of the next world which the compilers of the

books have come to place as what I saw on my drives.

It was not the facts of old age, sickness, death that were brought home to me, as if I had never known of them, as if I were a very babe in knowing of these things. It was the More-knowledge that the old man wanted, that the brahmans were scant in, more-knowledge in the longer life, more-knowledge in the things most needful here in our way-faring :—it was the lack of this that sent me home most woeful, most lacking light, most looking for a new word.

These were not to be found in Kapilavatthu. But could they be found elsewhere ? Should I wander, like my merchant friends, to seek the goods, to seek the Good ? [19] Word had come to me of a new teaching at or near Vesāli. It would mean the giving up my position for a time at least. The new, the unknown lay before me. I would go just as a learner. Your world can scarcely realize all it meant to such as I was, there and then.

The older records are cold on this :—the woe it was to leave the worthy pleasant home, the wife and son, the position, the work. The recorders were monks. They may have left homes that were also pleasant, but it was of their calling to rate the home as worthless,

the house-life as full of peril. My home life was not as was Yasa's. He was indeed worried over it, and eager to get away. Not so I. I meant one day to return wiser, more able to work for my people's good. But that this my adventure was a going away from all these good things of the worldly life once for all was not true. It is wrong to have magnified it as the " Great Renunciation " [20]

I was worried by men's sufferings, the while the most of them were intent on the things seen, the things material, the things that mattered little, while death drew ever near. Could a way of wider outlook be found ?

Nor did I go by stealth in the night. I rode forth attended, as a noble, by my Master of the Horse, he also riding, and by a retinue befitting my station, I told Channa—yes, he was that Master—I was minded to go as far as Vesāli.[21] The chaplains had heard of a man there who had a new doctrine, a teaching to save men from suffering. Vardhamāna, was his name. Merchants too from Vesāli spoke of the way he was drawing men to him. He might help me. So it was to Vesāli that we set out. And it was from Vesāli that I sent Channa and the men home again, and entered on a new life, the life of the Paribbājaka, or wandering student, a nameless inquirer,

bound to no Order, to no worldly calling, but living the Wander-years of which your own era can tell.

I will tell now of the world I came to when I was houseless and alone.

II

MY QUEST

THE helping of the many was in my heart. I willed it ; I worthed it. My home was in all wordly ways very worthy, but I found there no new will, no new word to bring help that was yet disregarded to the lessening of man's ills. News had come to me, that at Vesāli I might find that new will, that new word. Thither I went.

Vesāli had a high worldly reputation. The Licchavis were a thriving, progressive people ; they were not to be ranked among the worthiest, but they were alive to the things that were new. I cannot tell you why this was so. They were as you know a republic. Their general Sīha stood foremost in their esteem.[22] Many thinkers, many teachers were there. There was new world, new will, new values, notably among the set called Niganthas, now called Jains, the followers of the man Vardhamāna of the Nātas.

Among the teachers at Vesāli was the man

Ālāra Kālāma—no, he was not at Rājagaha then.[23] He is by some to-day, in accordance with certain records, reckoned to have been of the Sānkhyan school. He knew of its teachings, but he did not teach them. More about them presently. He was a devotee of the very opposite practice to the clear, systematic thinking taught in that school :—the practice of rapt musing, called in the books Jhāna. This was so to sink the whole world of sense, and the work of mind on the world of sense, that—and this is the right, the original aim of Jhāna—the other worlds might arise in the man's awareness, and he listening might come to know them, to be taught of them, to be wise in them. There would be plenty in those worlds ready to meet him in this, and to work on his will, if perhaps not on his sense.

He taught this well, and I had much hope of learning many things from him. But I found that he got into touch with the next world, not so much to learn the new that was true, as to dispraise and get away from this world while musing. He sought the emptying more than the refilling. He held that this world was evil and would never grow better ; he held that wisdom dwelt only in other worlds, and that the man who would be wise should so spend his time in drawing near, while

musing, to the next world, that he neglected all duties in this.

Now I was regarding those duties highly. And I esteemed the body as man's instrument for man's work. Our aim, I used to say, was to esteem and to use it ever more wisely. The books word my teaching on this too negatively. So Ālāra, to whom I had first gone to learn, disappointed me. I esteemed the man, but not his method. That was too unpractical. I left him. He tried to make me equal with him in his tuition,[24] but I would not consent. His method I had learnt and with effect—more of that presently—but that way of life was not for me.

Other pupils of his were the five men with whom my name as a teacher is first linked in the books. These were Aññā-Kondañña, Vappa, Mahānāma, Bhaddiya and Assaji.[25] They were not monks, not religieux; they were wandering students as I was, and had come most of them from different regions to Vesāli to learn new knowledge. Only Mahānāma was from Vesāli; the others were from the west of India, from Magadha, from Orissa in the east, from Rājagaha. I had met them at the wanderers' quarters, and it was at their advice that with them I went to Ālāra. They had not any of them left homes

so worthy as mine ; one of them in fact left a wretchedly unhappy one, but all of them were thoughtful men, seekers. I now advised them to leave him.

While they were considering the leaving Ālāra, I tried another teacher of whom I had heard, Uddaka Rāmaputta. My friends said they would wait to hear the result. His school was also one of musing, but his method was even worse than that of Ālāra. He taught musing together with ascetic worsening of body (*tapas*). I tried under him that severe fasting, of which there is a record. The books make much too much of it.[26] It is true that I was much worsened in strength by the practices. I ate too little ; I slept too little ; I came near to dying. Always I was harassed by the want of any guaranty that it was all of any use. It is true that I valued the hardships as testing my powers of endurance. But what I mistrusted was that, in worsening body, I might lower the worth of my intercourse with the next world. I felt that in this it was of the first importance to be very healthy, very sane. Much that was true might be got with a morbid body, but not the things most worthy, most important. So I left Uddaka also.

The five friends were still with Ālāra waiting

for me, to hear if I found satisfaction. I valued their opinion and went back to them, telling them it was no good. I told them how, in my fasting, I had been so far spent, and of how I had heard voices saying: "We will help him, lest he die. He must not die till he has worded his world."[27] I told them how, on opening my eyes, I had seen devas—men and women—of how they infused into me new will, new strength, bidding me take more good; of how I was helped and comforted by their warding. The friends were very glad I had left Uddaka, and esteemed me the better for doing so.

I now advised them to leave Ālāra's school and to enter with me the Jain society at Vesāli. Unseen advisers were willing me to do this. That society was not for withdrawing its members from the work of the world. There was a recommending of *tapas*, that the effect of past deeds might be "worn away," but there was more. They had a teaching about the very man (*purusa*), and about the worth of man's life in the world. It was a teaching having a view on both this world and the next. I was the more inclined to approach the Jains, because of the interest I had come to take in the view that was absorbing one of my friends, Assaji. This

was what you would call the working of events by natural causation, of which more presently. By short bouts of much suffering we might work off the effect of past ill deeds in a short time, which would else be taking effect over a longer period.

We entered and we tried the *tapas* ; but the actual result was a worsening of our bodily health, and it made me very woeful. I was seeking a worthy estimate, but what could man be or do, while he was deliberately worsening the very instrument by which he could be and do ?

Another feature of my new life at Vesāli was the movement in which the woman was coming to value and to seek a freer life. Women were not doing this at Kapilavatthu. There the woman still looked only to the man ; the man underworthed the woman. It was not that the men at Vesāli had a more worthy view of women ; it was the women who were growing to the larger view. There were women in Vesāli who were among those who were seeking new values, willing and seeking them for themselves. It was part of the new world that women could and did so seek. There were many of these among the Jains.[28] They might become religieuses, nuns, but

there was no need that they should become such. You know how they even welcomed the chance of debating in public. Some among them were working that women might no more be considered as subject to man. These were warriors for their sisters, fighting for a cause wherein as yet no honour awaited them. Honour lay for women in being not simply mothers, but worthy mothers of sons. But women were now here and there seeking worthy recognition apart from sons, husband and home. You have noticed in the women's verses, in Mettikā's and others, a chanting of freedom from the bonds: home and the day's work.[29] I had even then much sympathy with this yearning for *Mutti*, emancipation. But those women were fighting for welfare in this world only. I was not. I was the warrior for the worthiest cause, for the weal of the worlds as a whole. And I honoured most those women whose will lay in the better wayfaring in the worlds, who looked to the whole truth, the whole of life, and to the moral life of work and duty here.

I had sympathy too with the women's claim to be held, in a world of monks, as equal in mind with men. Prisoners indeed they were, when men considered them as mindless, as well as soulless. That they placed no value

in the eternal, those warrior women, is not wonderful, for they had been given to understand that, for women, there was no way of the worlds. Only a mixed outlook was theirs ; according to the old brahman lore, there was for them no worthy future. I felt this to be a very worthless teaching, but I could not alter its mandate. Those women were the more to be honoured in being so good without hope. They had not our hope, yet they were at least as good as we were. Honour will have been theirs in other worlds because of this.

As warrior for the greater hope I held most highly those women who cared for the greater way. Pajāpatī my stepmother did.[30] And I honoured those women who did not neglect the care of the home, such as Visākhā.[31] I honoured also those men who helped to make the home worthy of them, as did her husband Migāra.

Men were looking at that time for some guiding more-word on things. There was a very will abroad to learn. They were waiting for me though I knew it not. My friends—those I have named—though they held various views, were looking to me for leading. They had the idea, that the man, to whom they were looking, yet who did not rest con-

tent in any of the new world-views as enough, would find the right word. They thought well of the world I came from, of the Sakyans, though we were remote. And they were drawn to my person. I was attractive in many ways, and they were responsive. They deferred to what I would say on the views that were abroad.

The new world of the Jains failed to draw us long. Their view of the very man we could accept ; but we found in their teaching no acceptable view of the worth and purpose of man's mind (*manas*). As you will know, I held, that the mind was very important in the act.[32] The act was the outcome of mind, or as I should now say with you, of will. The Jains moreover paid little respect to musing (Jhāna) or to other worlds—too little for me. Man's work, man's deeds in the past, in the present as affecting him now—man's " karma "—this was their main concern.

Thus we were left still looking for a new word of guidance, but finding no very worthy guides. My friends had their views, but they did not put them forward as a mandate. All save Assaji were brahmans, dissenting brahmans. All of us had been drawn to the Jain movement in respect of its protest seeking salvation by ritual, by the sacrifice, by birth

being held up as a claim to honour. Kondañña was chiefly interested in wording a really worthy view of man's very nature, a theory of Attan (ātman, self); and he might have continued with the Jains, had he not been more desirous to keep with me. But Mahānāma was a votary of musing, Vappa was an expert in Sānkhya with its emphases on mind, and these two were less satisfied with Jainism. Bhaddiya was a student of mantra-lore and mantra-art—this was then what "literature" is now—with no pronounced world-views; and of Assaji I have spoken. But all of the five now held, with me, that the body must not be worsened, but must be tended so as to serve the man.

It is not true, as the books make out, that they esteemed me less because I gave up *tapas*.[33] They had also given it up. We were the more drawn to each other in this. It was my leaving them at this juncture, which somewhat estranged them. I went with them in their several theories and practice; we were in close agreement about much. The theories were new to me when I met the friends, but I learned them, I valued them, and later I brought them into my teaching. And the friends were very honourable way-seekers, willers in the new thought, capable

worders, some of them. They only left out what seemed to me a yet more worthy view. They revered the true, but they were not heeding man sufficiently as the liver, the actor, the willer. They regarded him, with the age, as the thinker, the speaker.

Now I allowed that man was to be considered as thinker, was to be considered as needing the clearer naming, was to be taught to see everywhere cause and effect, was to be encouraged to analyse, was to study the way of utterance, was to study much the way of opening a closed door by musing with earth-sense closed. All this I held to be of value. But first and chief I saw in man him who *could do,* who *wanted* to do, who in doing *became,* who *could become.* And I went away, feeling that there must be a way of valuing all these things together and reconciling them one with the other, some way that would be as a magnet in all the new values.

I was alone for many months. No one was with me. I mused much. Musing had come to mean very much to me. Much which I so heard from the next world I did not tell my friends. They valued it in too negative a way. They had not my will to be ever listening that I might learn. They therefore did not get such teachers as came to me. They respected

my hearing, but they had not the will to copy me. I was alone, and yet not alone, for with me were worthiest warders, and with me they stayed till I had myself come to see and to mandate myself with that which they willed as my mandate.

This was a mandate to man of *New Will*, of *More-Will*. The word in which this was given me was *viriyam-ārabhati*: the stirring up of effort; there was no word then for "will." Men had energy in many things; they strove for things material; they strove for things spiritual; but their striving was for things which they knew, and for which they were accustomed to strive. Now he was to be called upon to strive in a new way, and for new values. The new way was, that he was *to give himself the new mandate*. The way of his time and his country was that everything was prescribed beforehand: prescribed were the ways in which he was to become husband and father; prescribed were the ways by which he might come to honour in this world; prescribed were the ways by which he might reach safety hereafter.[34] He needed only to mind mantra and priest, and there he had all he wanted, in the way he should want it. He had yet to learn that in himself lay the worthier way, thus: what did his life, what

did his conduct towards his fellows mean for him ? What was its value both in this world and in the world to come ? How would the values in the next world affect him when this body was laid down ? He valued the world's judgment here ; what would he find judging him there ?

How was he to act that he might come to know ? How might he himself become the worther, the judge ? He could not be that without worthing, judging himself. That meant his actions. That meant his will, the will that made man act.

It is easy in the world of to-day to say, that man can judge himself in his willing, *for the word is there.* And a new value will command attention when there is a word for it. The word I wanted was not there. When we now want, in any work, to speak of the incentive to it, it is the will we bring forward. I had no such word. *Chitta, viññāna, manas*—words for " mind "—do not mean will ; there is little use in trying to make these mean will. *Chitta,* for instance, meant more receiving impressions, *manas,* considering them, than reacting. The act was well worthed in the word *kamma* (karma). But it is the will that makes man act. Man wills in all he does, whether he wills aware or unaware, whether he wills

worthily or unworthily. It is not enough to say that before the act he thinks. Willing is a choosing about which he thinks, or does not think. And there was no word for willing, no fit word for choosing—no general word for man's choosing at any moment on any occasion.

These were the thoughts chiefly absorbing me while I was alone. They worried me much, for it was just a word, a more-word that I needed. It is all very fancifully told in the books. The Vinaya tells only of my pondering *as finished*[35] ; both it and the others make me much occupied over a sort of cause-gospel,[36] or that I was attacked by demons,[37] or pestered by women.[38] Nothing of all this is true. I was warded all the time as I have said. I was not struggling with any difficulties of that sort, but with a far harder task : that of how to put into words the new message I was willed to utter :—the message that in man, the very man, lay the ending of ill, that man was not the mere *moved thing*, that man was himself the mover, the very judge of his own worth when he chose. This worth that I was willed to see in the man will be clear enough one day, when the shortcomings in the books, and what here and there they tried to say, is more truly shown.

It is possible that the stories about wonders and snakes and trees grew up gradually from a source of which I will speak. There was a very worthy citizen named Mantha, who was attached to me ; later on he joined my fraternity. He was concerned about my lonely retreat, and came looking for me. He found me deep in thought sitting under a tree. We talked together of what was worrying me. I said, that I was minded to bring in the idea of cause and effect into what I willed to teach, but that I could not decide to do so. I wanted a word for the multitude, a word which would move them. It must be a word to stir and move, not a reflective word ; a word of life, not of thought. I was grateful for his coming, and went among men till he left me. He told my friends how he had found me, and of my worry ; he may have added things. So possibly the legend began, which links a Buddha with a certain tree,[39] and all the rest.

III

MY MESSAGE

I FOUND my message. I will speak of it.

Man's welfare was in me. It was that which for me stood foremost. It was that whereto I had will and ever more will. It was that which I sought to word. That was my aim. Any word herein to be a more-word, a new word, a fresh message, must be for mankind. Man cannot will worthily for himself alone. The welfare of all—that meant my own. I was not anxious about my own welfare only. I was the very world-willing man. "Man" meant me too. To will the welfare of men, and not of a man only:—that makes us Helpers. It made me a Helper. It made me the brother-man.

And more, to be a world-word in man's welfare, the Helper's message must not be of and for one world only. For each man is not of and for this world only.

Man was waiting for me. I was not aware of it. I only knew I willed to help man. I

knew that I wanted a message for man. When at length I spoke, a word for all men, for every man, I spoke of his welfare, I spoke of how he might will the better, I spoke—though I had no fit word—of his will, of his choosing. And it was on this wise that I came to speak of it. Man was ever considering the why and the how he did this or that. For this he had words, words for the why, the cause, the reason, words for the how, the means, the way. The old books have shown you this. The 'way' or 'means' comes much into the causes that bring a thing to pass. It is the cause which the man applies, or seeks to apply in making for what he holds to be good. He wills the way in his work, whatever the work be.

The merchant in particular was the man of the way. I looked upon him then as such. I see him now as such. Merchants were in worthy work the very Waymen, the men of the many ways, of the many maggas, the magga-men. I made the Magga, the WAY, my word. I was the Wayfarer, the worder of the Way. That word would appeal to men, to the many. Magga should be for them the Way in the worlds. Magga would give more worth to my message on the 'Well.'

The Jains also made use of the word "way": *marga*. But it was for them just a worthy

word for *karma*, for action. It should be my word for that which expresses the man *before he acts*. Not thought ; that checks the act. Thought as such never leads to action. Thinker does not word the agent. Agent will never be merely thinker. Man is first agent or willer—he may, as such, think—then he is doer. As agent or willer he is choosing way.

I prefer "way" to "path." "Path" words a by-way. The books make me at first use *patipadā*.[40] That was not my word. My word was *magga* : Way. I wanted the great way, the world-way, the way of every wayfarer world without end, thoroughfare of human travellers, world-way of the mighty host, the way that words the very Man.

And it is not a bad figure for will. Way means progress. Way means growing fitness. Way means Goal—you have said all this—Way gives worth to will.

Nor did a message to man on the Way and the Wayfaring interfere with, or shut out those other views which I held worthy. I have said how it made a living word for the many of the world-law of Cause. Next it called, in the man as self-chooser, for very clear work of mind. And as Way in the worlds there would be need of listening and learning in the practice of rapt musing.

All these things I had in mind when I went back to my friends—they had gone west to Benares—and spoke the first world-word.[41] I will say what I then said. The books do not word it very well They have worded things I did not say. Yes, the wording was fixed in my lifetime, and later on changes were made. This is the very word, as it comes back to me now :—

" Men of the Wood in Isipatana !

" Men in most cases are pursuing one of two ways of life. One way is that of seeking good by worsening the body, tormenting the body. This is an ignoble way, unworthy, worthless. This will not lead men to the better world, to the ending of ill, to the 'utterly well' (*param'-attha*) at the end.[41a] The other way is that which comes of the pleasures got through sense. This way is ignoble, unworthy, worthless. This will not lead men to the better world, to the ending of ill, to the utter well at the end. The way I will speak of to you is the best way, the way between these two, the way that is not worthless, the way that all men wayfare. This is the way man takes in the worthy thought, the worthy speech, the worthy deed. This is the way man walks when he is wayfaring to the better. This is the way that will lead man to the better world,

to the ending of ill, to the utterly well at the end, the way to the ending of ill.

" What is ill ? It is worry of body, worry of mind, worry that comes of pursuing the bad, of going after the not worthy, energy exercised over things of no worth.

" What comes in ill ? Pain of body and of mind, the being committed to things unworthy, consorting with the unloved, the not consorting with the loved.

" What leads to the ending of ill ? The holding in worth things worthy, the deeming worthy things noble, the energy set on foot after the utterly well.

" What is the utterly well ? It is the very end of ill, the living that is very well, the knowledge, that will come with the very well, of what it is to be utterly well."

This was what I tried to say in such words, in such a tongue as I had at that day. You can see it has been much changed. The wording is now less worthy. It was not very worthy then. *The new word will never be worthy*. The new words for the new will are not yet there. Man's worth in that will is not yet come to birth. The words I had not, in this, my first utterance, are just the words that are of the highest worth for it. For that

matter men even to-day do not prize them as they should. Man does not find the new word, *till he wills the thing* to which that word gives utterance.

As to the changes :—

Nowhere in that utterance did I use the name men came to call me by : Tathâgata. It was not a name of my day. The name always comes up when men are honouring me for something I did not merit. It is the name given me by those " Porānas " (men of old) who were a hundred years and more after my time. They honoured the man they knew had once been leader. They none of them remembered him. They none of them had known men who remembered him. They were in a world of such memory as is a third-hand imagining. They had much good-will, but not the real thing. Tathâgata was a worthy name for one who had worked to help men, as other men had done before him. It is like the word Messias. It is hardly a wise name, for it works to produce a type, when what is wanted is a Man, not a wax image. Men like the type, because they cling to the many in the one. The one in the many will be too much for them. They have to use economy in thought—you once said so. The special word to honour the type would be worthy if

man were just body and mind. And accordingly this type-honouring is just what we find being done in the Abhidhamma, where man counts as nothing more than just body and mind.

Revering the *word* will not help man very far. He must value the *thing*. He must prize the real, not the name for it. People in my day honoured a man who had followed a certain order in work. The world needs the belief in order. And it needs to honour some new word set forth in that order. It came to call me Tathâgata, because I was believed to have come as a teacher in an order, according to which others had come. The word means 'thus come.' 'Truthfinder' is not accurate, but it will work no harm. It is only another type-name.

You will note another change: the way in which I speak of the 'utterly well.' The four words in the books are not those I used, nor, as to that, are the other word-groups in the books used with 'going-out' as being alike in meaning.[42] All these are later substitutes, expressing ideals which the monk-world sought. They are not what I sought. I sought the coming to be (*bhava*), not the dying out; the waxing, the growth, not the waning, the ceasing; more-will rather than

more-knowledge. Nor was enlightenment (*sambodhi*) then in use among us. What I sought to speak of was the being entirely well and the will to be so and the way to become so. But the one worthy word I had was Way. 'Well' and 'Will' I had not. My world had only 'profit' (*attha*), a word of the market and the worldly quest, and 'not-ill' (*ārogya*), or 'ending of ill.' But the monk-ideals which came to prevail were the very opposite to mine. The monk sought to lay hold of what had been uttered, of what had been done; the finished course, the end, the finite work; not the will to welfare in the becoming (I wish you had the better word 'werden'). I did use the word Nirvana or Nibbana, when I was speaking of reducing the worthless, increasing in worth, honouring the highest, for I was bent on these things. As you know, the word was then used for health.[43] For health, I repeat, there was no positive word. *Ārogya*, non-disease, is not a good word, for in it there is a dwelling on disease. And Nirvana is no better; it is merely the ending of the bad. Such was not my theme. The world will never rightly value what is better, well, in the negative. The world will never value rightly in terms of no value. Let the world word with positives, not with negatives.

In some ways your own language and its users are not much better off than was I. You tell me that *attha* cannot be rendered by 'well,' but only by welfare, well-being. Neither of these words goes far enough. There is too much of mere body and mind, too little of the very man about them. Other languages speak of 'the well,' as you speak of 'the good.' But the good is not enough, when we are concerned with the perfection of the very man. When man rightly considers this, he will find a worthy wording.

Yet one more word on the changes :—the way in which I speak of what in the books appears as the so-called Four Truths. I did not teach them as the books do. They are a more-worthing, an appreciation of Ill; I looked to the Well. I worded *sukha*, happiness, not *dukkha*, unhappiness. I held it in the greatest worth that man should be happy; it was my will to make him less unhappy, to make him happier. I valued happiness; I looked for it; I lived with it. 'None,' I would say, 'is so happy as I'[44]—you know the word. When my utterance was given a fixed wording, my own words, my own emphasis were replaced by a wording fitting the view of the monk. In it the Way and the emphasis on it becomes worsened, weakened,

for the way was my teaching, not any scheme of teaching such as the Truths present.

Yes, you are right : that in my first utterance I spoke of two ways and a middle way as lying only before the man who has left the world (*pabbajitena*) is a lie. The monk has hurt me in many ways ; in none more than in this. Man, every man, wills the better way and the worse, now as then, not the monk only, not the recluse only. The man was he I sought, the man was he I yearned to help. And this the ages have believed, in spite of the editing monk. Few have noticed here his work. Nor would I now have you notice it, were it not that more in East and West are coming to read the monks' books, and one here and there may draw, has drawn, very wrong conclusions from the foolish error, an error all wise readers of the books should be able to detect.

What is it you would further know ? About the hearing of that first utterance ? Well, the first hearer of them all was the man the story calls Upaka, the Ājīvaka, that is, the fakir, or ascetic.[45]

Upaka was a worthless man, whom I had already met, the husband, as you know, of a worthy wife. Later she came into the Order.[46] He and I had met as Wanderers. Upaka

said to me as we met : ' What is the reason that you have so happy an air ? You look as if you had found in your deeming something of highest worth.' When I spoke my message before him, he had no faith in it. . . . Yes, I spoke that first utterance to him ; he was my first hearer. But I did not say the vain and conceited things I am made to say. He was not convinced. He shook his head and went on, only saying : " Maybe you are right ! The Winners (*Jinā*) will judge your new word." He meant the Jains, whose world-word he came to follow, and was then inclining to follow. But your version here is different from that which is in our hands.

The reception which I got from the friends soon afterwards was very different. I spoke my message all the better because of the rehearsal beforehand. I now worded it better, in a more impressive way. It seemed to me a worthier word even than it had seemed before. It was not spoken to the mighty audience told of in some books, nor was it only to the five of the Vinaya account. It is true that many men of the next world were present, unseen by any save myself, but of earth there were about ten friends to hear me. These were looking for my return and full of expectation concerning the world-word they

knew I had left them to think out. They gave me a cordial welcome; and they were impressed by the figure of the Way, the road, which with its adventure, and its bourne meant so much to the mind, not only of us Wanderers, but to any Indian. They commended also the wording of the bourne, the goal as the utterly well. And they accepted the word of the Way as worthy world-word to be taught by us all to the many. They did not, it is true, see all there was in it, nor indeed at the time did I, for I was world-worded, willed, inspired more than I knew.

Nor did I tell my little band to word it in this way, not in that. It was my message, not me that they held most in worth. They never looked on me as a wonder-worder. There was nothing wonderful in my utterance. It might have been better worded. But the wording of the books is much worse. I was in tears over it when long, long after I came to read it.

What then did my words try to say? This: Man's welfare lies in his own will, in his own choice, in his coming to hold something as more worthy, and some other thing as less worthy than he did before. He, the man, everyman, can do this. But he had not been

told this. What he was to will, to worth, to do was prescribed for him, as I have said, in a fixed wording about this and that ; such and such fixed wordings if he were priest, such and such fixed wordings if he were layman, house-father. But in these things—in that they belong to the welfare, not so much of body or mind as of the very man, the very woman—it is the man-in-man who must be willer, must be chooser. This was the very message the earth must call mine. Let no book ever word any other message as *mine* :—the worth in man as willer to will, to choose his own welfare.

Now I did not say this in these words. I have said that we had no word for ' will.' I used *viriya*, a word meaning effort, energy, vigour. It is a good word. But it is not will ; it is a way of using will. Nor could I use ' choice.' The word was as crippled for general use[47] as is your word ' becoming,' your word ' well.' Nor could I use ' worth,' ' value.' We had good words, such as *arahati*, *agghayati*. But the one was used for the man who ' deserved ' the laity's service ; the other was a term of the market. It is true that I used this word in praising love,[48] in commending more-worth. But it was at the time a forced use, though your world does not find

it so. It was not appreciated by my men; they never used it. Kotthita used the word 'walk,' much as you would say 'take'; when he taught the Way, he used to say: 'Man will walk in (*charati*) the one extreme or the other; it is the middle way he should walk'; but the others did not; and when I was gone, they worded it as you have it.

Thus was I uttering a new word, a word which had not been uttered before in the memory of man. It had been uttered before in the earth-history of man, by men who survived as names, names of so-called Buddhas. But neither had they had fit words. Nor did their world so worth the heart of their message, that it found the fit word wherewith to clothe that message. But when I spake this message to men of man willing and choosing to live according to what he held in greater worth, I worded it as a Way. Men could understand that. Better perhaps than your world can, though now you go about so much more than we did. Because of our wayfaring being slower and more adventurous, it was so much the more impressive. Most of us were now and then wayfarers. I have told you of my wayfaring and of my longing to fare further. And the will and 'well' of man as being in a wayfaring—that has lived all these

ages. But *never till now* has it been declared that, in the Way, I was trying to word that which now in the West, can be worded as will, as choice, as more-worth. Always man is willer, chooser, more-worther. But he has failed to see this, because he has called his nature that of being thinker, worder. He was herein his own hindrance.

So do you set down my message as that of the WAY, without bringing in words that are not there. This is a fallacy which many are now making. They seek to fit their newer worthier ideals into our old world ideals. No one holds in higher worth than I the word, the thing, 'will.' But the word, and with it the thought are yours of the West. Again, I wanted men to work together in concord, in harmony without quarrelling. But I had no deeper idea of oneness, of what you have now come to call solidarity in man. I did not even tell men they were all brothers. I was a brother to men, but I did not call myself so. I bade men look on women as sisters,[49] but I did not speak of men as brothers. That was the work of Jesus.

These worthier words, which have since been found because in man has grown more worth in the things the words mean—these things, these words have come to be out of

what *we* were thinking, naming, trying to name. We were groping. You touch. You see. You have found. You also grope ; but it is in other things, for other words.

. . . . . .

Men say of that first utterance : ' But this is not religion ! There is nothing in it as to the nature of the bond between Deity and man.'

As to that, let such carefully ponder this that I now say :—My mandate was to the many, not to the few, not to the learned. The many were worshipping Deity in many worthless ways. They were very unfit for a deeper conception. I am represented more than once as giving a hasty reply to brahmans asking me 'Are there devas ? ' But these were superficial replies to superficial questions. The question was not put by earnest inquirers, and I was not moved to go earnestly into the matter.

The many were not devotees of the inner teaching of the brahmans, regarding the man as being, did he but realize it, the very Brahman, or Ātman. Hence the many were not in revolt against this, as were some among the more thoughtful. No, *this* is the crisis to which were come the many :—*the religious importance of a man's life* ! This they were beginning to see as they never had before.

And they needed teaching about life as being a trust, a mandate in man's long way through the worlds. THAT was the God-word which the *many* were needing. No new faith was theirs in a higher conception of a World-willer, of God. No revolt was theirs against any accepted view of the Highest. But they were coming to feel more deeply about the significance of what your world means in the word 'morals,' the word 'conduct.' They were feeling after religion both as something bound up with man's relation to man, and also as something with which their happiness hereafter was bound up. They did not yet know or word this clearly. It was my work to word it for them. I had to word the worthier life and its consequences :—this was my Deity-word ; this was my God-spel ; this was my Dhamma.

For me the promise of a worthier conception of the Highest lay in the word DHAMMA, that is, 'what should be.' You have no fit word here ; you know it ; neither is 'law' a good rendering, nor 'truth.' 'Norm' is better than they, for norm is better than mean or average, but neither is it a worthy word. It is too near the average, too near the thing that is fit *as it is*, not *as it may come to be*. But *this* is what we had in Dhamma.

Men of your world would now call dhamma 'conscience' in each man: a noteworthy word, for it means that awareness which long ago in India it was sought to name in such words as manas, viññāna, mind or consciousness. It means appraising the mind as mentor. Herein it is not a true wording. The *man* is the mentor, the *minder*, not the minding. The man appraises, values, judges, mandates, discerns the better, the worse. Conscience is his mandate. The man mandates the man is the truer saying of ancient India. You need 'consciencer'; in conscience the *man* is lost to view.

You have among you a French scholar who has rendered dhamma by 'idéal.'* This is somewhat better, and is only inadequate in that it words not the thing, but only the idea of it. Dhamma, 'thing as it may be,' means a possibility. It is better not to translate it.

The Saying called *Gāravo*[50] well gives the importance in a worthy world-word of Dhamma. There is the usual unworthy wording of myself in it, a kind of reference that has hurt me often and often. I was not declaring myself to be too wise for any teacher. But I was holding up the value for men that is in Dhamma, as a word expressing

* Sylvain Lévi.

the ' thing that may be.' We want to see, to have things better than they are. We need more will to bring this about. And that Brahmā, the ruler of the Brahma-world, praised me in this is very true.

Dhamma for us meant not only ' thing ' but ' more-thing.' The teaching I sought to give was ' more-will to the Better,' and Dhamma came nearer to expressing this than any other word I had. You have ' will ' ; but in so far as it does not imply ' will to the Better,' you without a Dhamma-word are worse off than were we. In this word we had a very God-mandate, for Dhamma is a conceiving the Highest as, in man's nature, the COMING-TO-BE, the Werden. Man in the Will-to-become is man the God-willed. Herein, in the word Dhamma, which more than any other word, more even than WAY, has come to stand for my message, herein lies the bond between God and man which made of my teaching a very religion. Never shall we worthily word a new message to men, if we word not in some way the Better.

No, there was in my day no idea of Dharma as a Mahādeva—a god. That was later. That arose to fill up the void in the unseen, the quest after which became so worsened in my time.

Those manifold meanings of dhamma given in the Commentaries had little value in my teaching, in so far as they are outside the Better or the worse. But it is true that I used *dhamma* (in the *guna* or 'worth' sense) as meaning, not so much 'quality,' as 'thing,' or 'phenomenon.' Thus that man is *maranadhammo* means, he is a 'dying-thing.' And what mind (*manas*) brings us, namely *dhamma's*, as distinct from the five senses, are 'things.' These were just expressions that I used in plain speech to the people. Let no man make me out as having been psychologist, philosopher, metaphysician. I never was anything of the kind. I was a Helper, not a word-monger, not a system-builder. My mission was Welfaring. I had no worthy view of the cosmos. I had the *man* in true worth, but I never considered his value in the cosmos. I never valued him in terms of 'elements.' He was individual, man in the worlds, man-in-man ; no more. I am brought up here and there in the books, against certain speculative worders of my day, but that does not make me one of them. My very replies in such sayings are enough to show me as very different from them. Why are some of your critics so blind ? The thinkers whose views I worthed were not those sophists, but

men who with me sought so to teach as to help men in the Life.

As to that, moreover, the word 'religion' is not well understood. It will gain in meaning when men will the very thing:—the 'tie' between man and the Way in the worlds. This is worded in the utterance as the worthiest, the right (*samma*) 'way,' i.e. will. It is the worthing, the valuing that Way and its End as the more well, the utterly well, which makes a message a 'religion,' however that End be worded.

That End cannot be fitly worded yet. What that End is, what that utterly Well is will be the last thing each one will find out. I hold in very worth the effort to name. But no name can as yet be most worthy. For the name means the thing KNOWN.

IV

THE MAN

But that More-word which was willed in me to utter was in no other way a new message on ' the man,' or as your books say, the self, the soul, the *ātman* or *attan*. I say again, ' willed in me to utter.' For I spoke as I was moved to speak, not otherwise. Your writers quite overlook this ; yet it is very truth.

I was mindful, no other man more, of just the very man. And I wanted to speak a moreword on him. I was very worried how I might do so. But I was moved, I was willed —inspired, as you say—not to speak of ' the man,' save only to deny that he was either body or mind. Accordingly I did speak of him as neither the one nor the other. But I did not speak of him, as do the books, in the foolish division of five groups (*khandhā*). I spoke of him as being neither *kāya* (body) nor *citta* (mind). I spoke of him as being neither *nāma* (name) nor *rūpa* (body). I spoke of his body as being ' con-minded '

(*sa-viññānaka*, etc.).[51] But never did I speak of him as being only these. I thought of him as just the ' user ' of these. But I did not so word him, for here again the useful word ' use ' was lacking. I could only speak of them as ' his,' as ' his own.' I thought of him as just ware of them, of what they brought him in sense, in feeling. They were what man ' worthed ' ; they were not he, the worther.

I did speak of ' the man ' as the very wood, with body and mind as the faggots, the brush-wood borne thence to the fire—yes, you were right : they altered that at Patna, when the revision took place. As it stands it makes no sense. I grieved over it. That Jetavana simile[52] was spoken thus :—I was in the wood with men who had been gathering sticks for burning. I judged them as apt to understand ; so I taught them saying : ' What is really yours (*tumhākam*) ? '—your idiom would say ' really you ' ; translators have overlooked this—' What is really of you, the sticks or the wood ? ' They said : ' The sticks.' ' What ? ' I said, ' that which you will burn ? ' They said : ' The wood is not we.' I said : 'As the wood to the sticks, so are you to your body and mind. The sticks it is willed should be destroyed ; the wood remains.' They were silent. I was urgent. I said : ' Are you then

not to body and mind as the wood to the sticks?' They said: 'We are the wood.' 'Yes,' I said, 'the very wood; the rest is not really you.' Here at least I was positive; yet even that has been swept aside.

Mainly I worded man negatively. I was wrong. But I wished to avoid, when speaking of 'the man,' the implication of anything in him being unchanging, un-'werdend,' such as the word *attan* (*ātman*) in my day implied. But the 'man' is a very positive thing, no less than his instruments, and he should be worded positively. That little negative formula about him:—'this am I not, this is not of me, this is not the self of me'—yes, that is Sānkhyan, and says rightly, that body and mind are not I . . . not the very man. I very rarely used it, but a few of my men did. They had it from the Sānkhyan School,[53] the lay-, the non-brahman teachers at that time. But that school did not deny the man. That began later, with the tendency to see agency not in the man, but in mind. The formula was worthless *when used to deny the man.*

It was not given me to teach the nature of the man in any positive sense. It was mine to work on the 'man' in men, but not to word the 'man'-in-man. These are different things. I was to help the individual. But I

held the very ' man ' in highest worth. That there was no ' I ' was unthinkable. I did not seek man's body, I did not seek man's mind ; I did not seek a bundle, a complex of both. I sought ' The Man,' the very ' thee.' I was not the brother of man's body or mind ; it was ' he ' I sought to help.

The books here are woefully wrong. The world was needing a true message ; the world needed to have the man rightly taught. They word the man quite wrongly where they go beyond what I said that man was not. I have been in woe over it these many ages. Even in the little story in which you show me speaking help to the man in men, to poor old Nakulapitar, there has been a change of word to suit the wrong view. When he dragged himself to me to win counsel to help him carry on in old age and sickness, it was not in my reply, that he should train himself to will a sound mind in a sound body. What I said was this :— ' Housefather, you are indeed in bad health. . . . Wherefore you must train yourself that you yourself (the *attā*) may be well.' But this word was taken out. And Sāriputta, who would have worded as I did, is made to hold up the man with a talk on the ' five groups,' which is hung on to the defaced picture.[54]

It is true that the ' man-in-man ' was recog-

nized and taught in my day. The brahmans taught it. But I did not share their view about it. The chaplains at home had taught it to me, for I used to speak to them on these matters, as young noblemen usually did not. The brahman view was not that of the man-in-man, but the Brahman-in-man, the world-self in man. There was worth in this teaching, but it was not worded aright. It was a wording of the ideal worth in man *as* the actual worth in man. It was a seeing the very World-willer in man-the-'complex,' not in the man-in-man. They saw the very man—the self, the Ātman—as that who changes not, becomes not, suffers not. They saw man as very Brahman. Man is not so.

The Brahman is in man, but It is in man *as man's will.* We had not this word. We had not the right word. We did not see the true thing: that man is like unto Brahman in his will. With our will we will, we grow, we move towards the Utterly-well. But we are not the World-will of the Utterly-well. We can will in Its ways, but we cannot will as It, as Brahman wills. Therefore we are not rightly to be called Ātman (*attā*) in the meaning of Brahman. It was thus that, while I appreciated the brahmans in their giving utterance to That who is World-will, I

did not approve of their wording man as that.

But if I had spoken of man at that time as being only of body or mind, as Buddhists do now, and as in no way a self, an *attā* (as the books make me say), I should have been held as the veriest madman. No one would have listened to me. It would have been judged as nonsense. For a new message to have effect, it must not go against the will of the time. It must lead that will ; it must not contradict it. I was not the worth-worder of a word held as worthless. I sought new worth in the ideas then held worthy. Jesus valued the new bottle for the new wine. I sought new worth in such old bottles as were worthy. A new message will value worth in the old as in the new.

Again, we had not then the idea of your world, that the very self in man is an elusive, illusive something of no reality save in idea. This thought belongs to the materialistic teaching of the eighteenth century. Never did we doubt that ' I,' the very man, was real. But it comes much easier to your world, because of that teaching, to accept, *as my new word,* the addition made to it in the later time, the very worthless addition on *anattā*, the non-self.

On the other hand, it is not easy for your

world to see how the worsening in my teaching on the man took place, because of the difference in our idiom. We used *attan* for just 'one's self,' *and* for the self, soul or very man, *and* for Brahman or God. When I am protesting against the actual man-in-man being considered to be Ātman (the brahman view), I am made out to be saying 'how can man be considered as, either in body or mind, 'the Self (or Soul)?' Which is a very different matter. You have said this. It had not been said before. The men in the brahman teaching meant that the Brahman, the world-soul, is in every man in the way known as the very 'I.' Now the 'I' cannot be worthed as body can be, or as mind-work can be. The 'I' is the worther, the valuer. But the brahman teachers did worth it in many ways very unworthily, as you know, comparing it to a very small man, no bigger than this or that very small object, as if there were in man a mannikin. I am not going into that now. The will has grown out of such childish ideas. But in our day it had not. The 'man-in-man' was conceived in these ways, and called *ātman* or *purusa* (man).

Let not that be forgotten which I said before :—such estimates of the nature of the self belonged to the more intimate brahman teachings between master and pupil. They

did not belong to the religion of the people, of the many whom I was out to help. For the many, religion, in so far as it was guided by brahmans, meant faith in ritual :—in sacrifice and other rites, in the chanted ritual, in the celebrant's hereditary virtues, in the prescribed ways concerned with marriage, birth, death and the hereafter. In all that concerned these the ' man ' was never held in doubt as the very real, nor is he now. Men, as it is now said, of the study and the school may rate the ' man ' as just a complex of events with a name-label, yet in the face of those facts and those measures, the man of doctrine finds *himself*, as does Everyman, something inexpugnably real.

Now the men with whom I was a friend were weary of that way of considering the man. They had a worthier idea. They were considering man's nature, though they were not finding a new wording of it. They only held, that man was not the body, nor any ' body,' and that he was not any way of the mind, that is, of ' minding.' Man in minding ' worthed,' but as ' worther ' he could not be known. They could consider his life, his work, his becoming, but not his very nature. That they left unworded. And this was my own position. I shared their view, their will not

to word the unwordable. But I held the man *was*, though he was not the things he worked with. I only said, *he was not these*; he was not mind, not body.

But when the sayings came to be worded in a fixed form, here or there, earlier or later, the way I used to speak when men most heeded my teaching was forgotten. I used to say: Man is not body, for body sickens and dies; man goes on. Man is not mind, for the considering is not the considerer. Man is different. We cannot word him. He is not the Ātman, yet is he of Ātman.

When the books were finally edited, men were no longer heeding that brahman teaching. The old wording of the earlier fixed way was still remembered:—'man was not the Ātman, because he was weak, often in suffering, in woe, in change; his was not the very nature of the Ātman.' But because the attitude towards any wording of 'Ātman' was changed, men saw in the word *only the self of man*, the 'myself.' The teaching had become meaningless, useless, when only man's self was meant. But in religion a meaning may be dead, yet the wording may survive. It might be very true to say the Ātman was none of those imperfections. But man was all of them in his very nature—why then

should there be no very man? The West had been curiously blind here. You were willed to write as you did.

Though I had no new word on the man-in-man, I was ever teaching about the man in men. The Jains worsened the doctrine of the man in men. They held that the man, as we know him in body and mind, was very worthless as compared with the man-in-man, the very 'I.' This was not a good way, for as is the very 'I,' so will be the mind and body—better or worse. The man-in-man is so far independent of body and mind, that he does not age as they do. But in his changes in moral worth there is interdependence. The man who is the very 'I' will never be independent of either mind or body, *so long as he is yet wayfarer*. He will never be utterly Well till he is no longer wayfarer. Then is he no longer man; then is he one with the Well, with the Highest. Man is a child of the worlds, and to live in them he must have a body and a mind. The bodiless worlds of the Buddhists were pure fancy, as was also that of man with only body, not mind (*asaññā*). Only with body and mind has man worth in any world. Without either, he is reckoned as mere ghost. He is withdrawn from the worlds, an outcast.

The newer will around me granted this. But they who represented that newer will were beginning to lose touch of the very ' I.' They were as they are in your world now. They were much taken up with the world in which they just were, the world intent on man's mind and body. They had set their face toward the betterment of man on the earth. The brahman view was much concerned with the warding of man in the unseen. Wisely that view saw man as of the worlds, not ending at death. The new world I joined cared chiefly for the things seen, as the earth is again doing now. Yes, the reason why many of your world are interested in me now is because they have been led to think, that I too cared only to help man in his life on earth.

I did care much to bring to men a message on present welfare. I placed far more worth on man's earth-life than you would gather from the trend in the books. I willed that the ' now ' should be happier for men. I willed it because word had come to me, that man would be happier here, as well as hereafter, if his way of living were worthier. With my new world I held that herein, more than in ritual, sacrifice and priest, lay the mandate for man's happiness now as well as hereafter. But to

speak of me as caring only for this life, as holding that ' the worlds ' were ' this world,' is to speak of me falsely, worthlessly. Life was for me a matter of the worlds. My message wills man's welfare in the Way, and the Way is of the worlds to the world's end.

But my new world, in its preoccupation with man's mind and body more than with the very man, the ' I,' was not brahman, neither was it just Jain. And it tended to fall back on the formula of the Sānkhya teachers, and say merely :—' This (body and mind) is not I, not mine, not the *attā* of me '—while it ignored the reference implied therein, in the Sānkhya teaching, to the real, but very different nature of the self, or very man.

This was a foolish thing to do, for it was a poor way to help men ; a poor wording in ' not-words ' ; the poor wording of a teaching that was not ours ; albeit a teaching that had in other ways much that was good.

V

OTHER THINGS I TAUGHT

To those worthier ways of the Sānkhyā teaching I sought to give due value. Those ways were an effort to give clearness and precision to the wording of the inner world of man, in naming, in numbering, in categories. You know that the word Sānkhyā means both name and computing ; you know that the man to begin such a teaching was Kapila : he was of Mathura, not long before my day. But you do not know that among my first fellow-workers two at least were disciples of that teaching, and that such wording and way of it as have survived in the books of my Order are largely due to their influence at our start. You read no mention of them as teachers, but this is because neither of them remained very long with us. But they worked long enough to make their valuing of the Sānkhyā methods of surviving influence. You can chiefly trace these not only in the little formula I just cited of the ' not this,' but also in the analysis of

mind, the defining of words and the much numbering of groups of things. In these the name is no longer a mere word, a mere mark, but implies a work of ' reckoning ' (*sānkhyā*).

I valued these methods myself, and not seldom used the word. The clear idea, the clear word seemed to me of much importance. I did not value the Sānkhyā as a world-word in helping men to happiness as much as men claimed that it could. But I was in no doubt about its being good for the work of mind. I was myself often wanting the clear word. You have said I was. *You* want words now. You are worthing what men do not yet worth as one day they will. I had the same difficulty.

While I valued the clear idea, I did not go beyond the clear knowing. It is mostly impossible to get a fit world-word for what is true. Man cannot word the really universal as he can the particular. He can only judge of value in the very narrow valuation. When men used to ask me if I would ' yea ' or ' nay ' some very world-word they put to me; which they themselves could not possibly value fitly, I would say, ' I am not a universal worder, I am a distinguisher, an analyser.'[55] This word: *vibhajja-vādin* came to be given among us to those who were very careful

in wording. It was even used of us half derisively by men outside us. They would say: 'He's only a Vibhajja-worder!' Do not make more of it. It is no worthy word for a world-wording message. It was no fit way to call so the world of the Buddhists as the Commentaries did, when telling about the Council at Patna in Asoka's day.[56] It was never a fit word as there used. It was largely a consequence of the foolish way of considering the man as a complex of five 'heaps' or groups (*khandhas*). And that truly was no worthy name the Order had earned for itself.

Not mine was it to underrate any fresh effort of man's to understand his nature. New word on that it was not given me to utter. Most certainly it was not the wording of the man as body and mind in fivefold grouping. It was a wordy, worthless division. And into 'heaps'! How can men think that I, I of the Way and the wayfarers could ever have so broken up the man?—the man who brought about the happening but was not the happened, man the becomer, not the become, man the maker, not the things made, man the worker, not the things wrought? Heaps! The worthless word, word of the done-with!

This had the Order brought upon itself—

the name Analysers—as was also the case with the byword Hīnayāna of a yet later day. But in its right place Analysis was a good word, and so I used it.

The good word :—none more than I place more worth in the good thing rather than in the good word ; but man needs both. Man needs the good word for his nature, his life, his next step in that life, his betterment, his very ' well,' his wayfaring to that very ' well.' He is not to be lightly worded, for he is a mystery, and he is very willer, very worther, so that he does not yet will, he does not yet worth, he does not yet choose the ' well ' which he will come one day to will, to worth, to choose. When he does this, then will he know what he really is. As yet he much regards the mind, but not yet the ' more-will ' ; he much regards the deed, but not yet the motive ; he values the fit word, but not yet the word fit for all men, the world-word. My ' Way ' was a very world-word. It was not a word as fit as Will, yet it served. When man can will and find the world-word, then will he value as it really is the Well, the Good.

2. Cause in All Things

Sānkhyā was by no means the only form

in which the newer will was stirring. There was the attention that was being given to the order by way of which things came and went: I mean, to what you would call the natural law of cause and effect. This was, as I have said, in itself not anything new. You were right in that. Men could not work at all without allowing for the cause, and without reckoning as to the consequence. I was never in any doubt that men did so regard the way of anything they worked at. But it was a new thing to make of it a very world-word, or as your world calls it, an induction, or a true word which might help men in their better valuing life and the hereafter. In these matters men reckoned the causes of things as the working of unseen wills. And the Unseen was very unpredictable, very arbitrary, very much to be placated, very much to be approached by priest and ritual.

It was Assaji, one of those early friends, who was an enthusiastic worder of cause as amounting in this way to a new mandate in both world-view and religion. This was while we were as yet Wanderers together. We often spoke together about it, and he wondered whether he would ever be a teacher of it to the many. He had

heard it from Kappina, who later became my follower. He told me, that Kappina taught it as a new way of regarding the old Veda word *rta* and *vrata*, the order followed, and the word in that order uttered, by the very gods. Kappina was at Benares when I went there to rejoin my friends. He came to hear of me, when I began to teach, and he came to see me. You know where the book shows me pointing him out as he came.[57] He was not a monk then. But he came to me as questioner, not as teacher. Of his teaching Assaji had told me, a teaching of cause as world-order that might be a surer help to men than any placating by sacrifice.

But it was I who gave the more general wording to that world-order :—'Given that, this comes to be ; the rise of that makes this arise. If that comes not to be, this comes not to be ; the stopping of that makes this stop.'[58] Assaji himself had a wording applying to causal happening, not applied to 'Ill' only,[59] but to everything. But he had not the quite abstract wording which the conception needed. I held the widest expression in great worth. I wanted to express what your world now calls 'law.' I deemed that help lay for man in recognizing that which always came true, which must come true, the very

widest true sayings about the world that could be put into words. Later we came to call such truths *dhammatā, niyāma.* I was glad to see you bring this forward, but in my day these words were not so used. We had had *rta* and *vrata,* but they were no longer used, for the deities with whom the words were used were no more in men's minds. Man was then regarded, but not deity. And man's way in moving an unseen will was regarded, but not the Will Itself, either in man's will, or in the world.

3. Musing in order to Hear

Such were some of the ways in which the new will of my day was seeking new light on man and his world here, and how to lessen its ill for him by clearer knowledge of it and of himself. There was another way which sought the same end, but by a very different means. It sought to lessen man's ills by concentrating, not on man as in and minding earth, but on man as being virtually in another world than that of earth, and as being even here and now of that other world. This was the practice of rapt musing or abstraction called Jhāna (Dhyāna). It was not what India knew and knows as Yoga. I knew of that, but I did not value it as I valued Jhāna, nor

did we collectively hold it in high worth. It was after my day that my followers came to set store by its injunctions as to winning self-mastery by systematized breathing. After my day Yoga was the cult, similar to the later Bhakti, of adoring an unseen Mandater (*īshwara*) who made personal response to a personal adorer. Now this was not my mandate. It was mine to speak of the inner world of man. The world-word given me was that man has within him the highest, the best, to be realized not in contemplation but in action, in will, in choice. And Jhāna was for me a way of seeking and of learning from, if not the highest and best, the higher, the better, the worthier, in other words, the next world, the ' beyond.' This, though the West does not see it, is what Jhāna sought to do. That was why I valued it. It tried to stimulate the natural unreadiness of man to get at the unseen.

I too was unready as a youth. I never heard or saw or felt anything that the senses did not show me. It was when I was very worried over the ill in man's life on earth, that I began to do so. It was when I had seen that sorrowful man, old, ill, dead, of whom I have told you, who is made out to be three persons. It was then that the power came to

me of hearing mandates from another world, and then of seeing those who brought me mandates. The books, as you know, tell of how I had this power as a teacher, and even before I became one. They call the power deva-hearing, deva-sight, curiously rendered in the West as ' heavenly,' or ' celestial.' But whereas I have given you the story of the dawning of that power, I would not have you write it here. You write for a world that does not yet deserve to learn it from me. It can wait for a later generation.[60]

Musing or Jhāna is not needed now for men or women who are having access to them of another world. Messages will come to the listener, or even to one not listening, whether he have prepared the way by musing or not. Messages will be worthy when the hearer's will is worthy, not when will is unworthy. Worthy willers will not word from other worlds the man or woman who is very worldly, or is caring only for the things of the earth. He or she must have come to regard what is beyond this world as the very real, as in a way more real than earth, because that ' beyond ' is the greater part of the life-way in the worlds, earth being but a very little part.

The preparatory concentration was more needed in our day, for it was held to be a very

wonderful function to get word with the next world, and not given to the many—a function as wonderful as it was held to be among the Greeks at Delphi and elsewhere. It was held to be a drawing near to the unseen Willers ; it was held to be a seeking fresh mandates from these.

4. The Worth in the Word

There was much else working in the new will of the time to which the books bear testimony, and which in certain ways left an impress on the teaching. The little world of my day was in a very orphaned state for want of any trusted guiding. It lacked a worthy appreciation of what man is. You may see this in the saying called the Brahmajāla Suttanta.[61] The speculations there are not merely later inventions. Was man immortal? Would he live on in this world and that? Was it right to speak of him in such a case as having a bodily shape, or would he be only man-with-mind? Could he frame a true wording about such things, or was he being deceived, when saying his yea, or his nay? Herein the monks have been good worders, for all such perplexities were part of the ill of the world.

Now I held in very worth the mind, but I did not hold it to be the very ' man.' When man took to building much with his mind, the result was a mass of words, and I had a horror of wordiness as yielding any sure guidance. The worth in ' the man ' :—that was my clue. Mind was fit to be appraised, but not in it lay man's true worth. It led too much to man's overworthing the word. And a new value in the word was abroad in my world, linked with the new value in the mind that you can see was astir from the Sānkhyā sayings. This may be noticed in the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad, a wording of my day. The regard being paid to mind and the regard paid to the word were weakening the true regard in the very man. The brahman regarded the very man, but not fitly ; the lay world was tending to see the mind as the worder. But mind is but a name for a process. And it may happen that the man may be aware of a new value, yet find himself without the fit word, without, that is, the needed work of mind.

The men most preoccupied with the cult of the word rather than of the thing were the mantra-sayers, reciters of world-words held as being of great weight. They were of the brahmans, but they were not so much cele-

brants as valuers of the power of the saying *as saying*, the power in an utterance when it is uttered in a way deemed to be very worthy, very impressive. So uttered, the saying became no mere description, but could have a power that was like will. This was not a worthy way of opinion, but it had a considerable adherence among people of worthless will, who ascribed to an utterance, spoken in a chant, intoning, or sing-song way, a special virtue. The word carried them along, not they the word. You have in your world of literature many such.

It is not hard to see, that in this way an utterance of little worth can be made to take on the impressiveness due only to a word of real worth. But the way of wording and the opinion about it was there, and it had to be reckoned with. I found this much of worth in it :—Mantra-worders were often really worthy men, who enhanced the worth of good and true words by their method of utterance. More worth through this more impressive way your world still pays in the chant, the intoning in its religious rituals. But imagine the great effect lent in this way to the spoken word, when there was no means of hearing it in any other way, no written word. If for you now the chanted word can

gain in impressiveness, how much more could it not be impressive for my bookless world? There was in this way a power in the word that belongs only to the old world.

And if in your day the wording uttered in the intoned, the chanted word often gains a scarcely deserved worth from the way of the uttering, it was yet more so in my day. The worth ascribed to every chanted mantra of the Vedas was more in the 'how' than in the 'what' of the saying. But my world held in reverence only a saying so spoken! By the chanting, a power was in the saying like that of a spell. You know that the books call a spell a '*vidyā*'' or 'Veda' (*vijjā*). The saying became as the sorcerer's effort of will. The living in a bookless world is a tremendous fact, which the modern world, considering the old world, cannot easily imagine. Our world was striving worthily to do what the new world can do easily. And it was a very great thing in our day for a man to be able to express himself in a very impressive way.

I am not saying that a new utterance was rated higher for being chanted. *It never was so uttered when new.* But when sayings came to have the weight of world-words, then they were the more honoured when the repeaters chanted them. This was a factor in teaching

truths that could not be ignored. Still in India are the Vedas only effective when they are chanted. Now we had to move our world by world-words which were not Vedas. And I judged the mantra-way worthy only so far as it was a means of making a world-word impressive and thereby more effectual. It was a way of making man's word convey to the hearers the very man himself—your world would say, the very soul of him. Beyond this I did not value the way of the mantra.

All these ideas, most of them quite new to me, I came across in those years of wandering and quest, and the men ventilating them I came to know. Of what we now began to teach the people all of these ideas formed part. The friends taught them with varying emphasis, and I brought them into my own teaching in the years following my first utterance. I allowed the importance of studying the mind and the word ; I considered man, as thinker and worder, to need the clearer naming ; I held he should be taught to see everywhere cause and effect, should be encouraged to analyse, should perfect the mode of utterance, and I held that he should practise much the way of opening a closed door by musing and listening with earth-sense closed.

But first and chief—as I have said before—I saw in man the wayfarer, man as having a *viriya* to achieve more, man as able to do more in coming to be. I valued in his mind chiefly this, that it was capable of change, ductile, workable, wieldy.[62] I valued in the word man's power, not so much to speak as to make right use of speech. I taught that his power to speak was worth little if, in his utterance, the meaning was not his first care. I taught that he should express the thing, not the words about it.

And I taught the 'man'—yes, the very man. The books have led writers to suppose, that I taught there was no 'very man.' They are wrong; I have said it. The man in my word was the one thing most real, man who is neither body nor mind. Chiefly it was in my teaching man as wayfarer that I spoke of the very man—the 'you.' You were right there. It was the very man who is faring on the long, long way which goes to the ending of ill.[63]

Here lies, I repeat, the very centre of my teaching:—the man as wayfarer. The other ideas I taught also, but not as central. I have said that the Jains were teaching man's life as a way (*mārga*), when I came to know them. They too saw in man a wayfarer

who will be judged in the hereafter according to his wayfaring, and not according as he has or has not uttered mantras, or shared in sacrifice, or revered priest. There was more of *mārga* in the sayings they afterwards lost than there is now. But they gave, in the way, too much credit to the man who worsened the present in order to win happiness in the future. My Way I worthed as in itself a happier living[64] than either of what I called the two extremes : the way of the worsening and the way of worthless happiness. Nor was the Way ever the centre for the Jains as it was with me. Vardhamāna made *karma*, action, his chief mandate. They were the men, not we, who made this word famous. They attached the greatest worth to it. They made the brahmans regard it. It was of the Jains that Yājñavalkya spoke, when he took Ārtābhāga aside to speak of karma. That Upanishad was compiled in my day.[65] I heard of it. I was very interested over it. I saw that the brahmans were beginning to consider man more in the light of an agent, not merely as thinker. Man was actor as well as worther. And as worther, as judge, he was bound to worth, to judge himself. That meant his actions. That meant his will.

There was yet another among the more worthy things I taught: the message of a very worthy teacher. But it came to us later, and I will deal with it presently.[66]

VI

MY COMPANY

We were now a worthy little group of brothers who had the further welfare of men at heart, and much to tell which we deemed a good mandate for that welfare. We had first and foremost our Way-message. But, as I have shown, we had other things to teach, in which one or more of us was deeply interested, and concerning which we were each and all quite free to speak. For we had none of us any mandate save in what was worthy. They were 'more-worders' with me; they were my very worthy brothers. I was as their elder brother only in this, that they made me their leader; they made me their word-willer. I had no more authority with them than that. They had no greater reverence for me than that.

They had a high esteem for each other too. The books bear worthy testimony to this: to Sāriputta's esteem for Kotthita; to Punna's esteem for Sāriputta[67]; I could tell

this of others. We were a very united band, while we were a very little band. And we won the esteem of people in the places we visited because of our harmony. People esteemed us for our will to help them; they esteemed teachers who were without a sign of enmity between themselves. We were a very happy band.

There is no word in the books about the debating we had on the question whether we should, or should not be monks. Some were all for the greater worth in which we should be held as monks. I honoured the worthy monk, but I greatly honoured the home. I greatly honoured the mother. I had no wish to be in a world apart. I was very undecided. I had no wish to be a monk. We decided to begin as laymen. But after about a year a movement grew up among us that we should be more unencumbered in our teaching, if we became monks, supported by the laity. Kotthita headed those in favour of this. He was a brahman, who had had many cares in the home-life, and looked upon that life as a hindrance in the work of the preacher. So I gave way to their wishes.

Monks we were; monks we had to be. The world would have esteemed us less if we had been men of the world; we would have

been without influence as teachers of the worthiest things. We would not have been held worthy to be fed or ministered to in worldly things, if we had not given up the world.

And as to that, I had myself a high worth in the monk in so far as he was a man with a teaching which the world needed. He was liable to get a poor valuation of the world's work, of the world's life, but he held in worth much that men of the world were too apt to forget. It is true also, that as a whole the world of monks was not as worthy as it should have been. You can see this throughout the Vinaya. They were often lazy, worldly, quarrelsome, impure; too much given to esteeming the monk as such, independently of his worth; too anxious for the favour of a laity which they rated as inferior to their own worth. And here do not forget, that it is the monk's testimony which is in your hands on the higher worth of the monk; it is in the monk's words that you have what the world thought of him. The people as a fact were by no means always esteeming him—the testimony betrays this also. Nor were the brahmans respecters of monks who were not old men, for they held then as now that younger men had world-work to do.

Monks were very human. Their standards tended to be worldly. They over-worthed much that was unworthy; they neglected much that was worthy. And this was a worry to me. We had a very good work to do, a new message to give that was not in the world-word of the monk. I held the man of the world's work in high worth. The monk *as such* I held in no special esteem. It troubled me that the world would have us monks if we would teach religion. But men had no trust in the man of the world who tried to teach that. They were too used to the tradition of the age-long worth residing in a lineage of teachers, in men set apart from birth for the special work of religion, in the brahman. The brahman in my day had that traditional worth, however he lived. I too held him in high worth—the books show that rightly—but only in so far as he was worthy. But it was not yet the day for seeing worth in just the *man*, apart from birth or robe. To be listened to, man had to be in a world apart. If it was not brahman, it had to be an Order of some kind. That was then the rule.

We had no need of any man's sanction or charter to turn ourselves from 'Wanderers' into monks. As the former, we had to earn food, perhaps also lodging. As the latter, we

stopped that, donned a monk's robes, and went round with our bowl for food. In return for ministry to bodily wants, we gave, as was expected, our worthier things: teaching on the 'man'—your world says soul—the reminder on his outlook in the unseen, advice as to the world if advice was sought.

Everywhere we found men and women ready to listen to teaching on what the moral life meant for man. The moral life was of course no new thing. The new thing was that we valued man's wayfaring in the moral life as the worthiest, the most important matter for him both now and hereafter. We taught man as being rightly his own priest. We ranked him herein as not inferior to the brahman. The Way was the manner in which man was his own guide in estimating the better, the real, the true. Man was thus the worder of his own gospel. Men, as we have said, were paying heed to many new ways of looking at things. But in our Way-message we showed the very man himself, as the most notable and interesting idea of all, in his power to grow, to will, to choose. Men will always listen to a new teaching about man, so they listened to us. Great heed they paid to my message in the beginning in the years when I was in full vigour. It

was only when age was upon me, and when they I held worthiest were gone from me, that the men about me began to put forward the worth of the monk more than that of the Way.

Men were very ready to see themselves as progressing in a Way. And that Way was by me more worthily taught than you have it now in the books. Never did I word that Way as this life only. It was always the MORE-WAY, the Way in the whole, the Way of the worlds, the ' way of the world and the world beyond ' (*loka-lokuttara-magga*). The phrase *lokuttaramagga* is not rightly worded now, because men now, and even in my day, did not consider enough the worthier world we wayfare to and from. Yet have the books by no means lost all our teaching hereon. But most people who read them now have not the patience or the time to read all. They read bits, and they write books about the bits. This is true of both West and East, as you know. No one can be wise who writes from half knowledge, and no one has got beyond that yet. Men write in a hurry.

And they write much about men, but no wise word yet on the man. Only a partial word. Still do they see in man thinker, feeler, speaker, hardly as yet willer. Man has worth

enough in will, when he wants to move, but he has not yet the true grasp of will, the true wording about will. He will come to that. He is still very backward. He does not rightly appraise will. He still centres on mind. For me man was chiefly agent. I was not interested in man as a worder of the way; I willed him to *live* the way, *be the wayfarer.*

Together with the word *magga,* I used *char(i)ya, charana,* words used by brahmans, words used in their mantras, and meaning the right way in ritual, the thing one should do, even as one knew (*vidyā*). They spoke of the *vidyācharana* (wisdom-with-procedure) of the good brahman. I much liked to use the term.[68] My little world was used to it, for so many of them were brahmans; the worthiest were. They were ready to use the brahman terms with a new meaning, as you know. They had the good term *brahmacharya.* For them this word meant the Brahman way, the God-way, the divine *magga.* I liked this word, even though I had no clearly worded idea about the Highest. For the ideas thereon in the Vedas did not seem to me most worthy. There was a lack in them of any breadth of *warding*; no care for the weak, the aged, the woman, the child, the sick, the leper, the wretched. World-worth lay with the young,

the strong, the warrior, the esteemed, the mighty, the fluent speaker, the half-worthy, the worthy in externals. Highest worth lay in a world-way of *rta* and *vrata*. There seemed no warding of any man who did not heed sacrifice, and rite, and fixed word. There was no worthy place for the woman worshipper. Save as an instrument of passion and as mother, she did not count save as worker (*strî*, *itthi*). Man was herein not honouring man, but only the male half.

And as to estimating the Highest, for me That was always the Within, the mandate, the greater 'well' man was feeling after, the fresh will wherewith he felt after. Never was it someone Without. Never was it a more worthy one without. Ever was it a new mandate within. The picture of the man hiding his face in his mantle : that was for me man truly worshipping. The storm, the fire, the earthquake : that is the idea in the Veda, the Man in the world-force, the man in the seen 'without,' the man in the unseen 'without,' the man willing as person. I never thought of the Highest as that. I thought of It as somehow in the very man, more-mandating, more-worthing, more-willing, more-working, more-worthy.

With this idea I used *brahmacharya* from

the first.[69] But the word lost in virtue when the Order had grown. The word came to mean the monk's life, the life without the woman, the less worthy life of the man who lives as half a man. The word was spoilt, monk-worthed.

Known to you are the lines where I speak of the altar-fire ever ardent within[70] :

I lay no wood, brahman, for fires on altars ;
Only within burneth the fire I kindle.
Ever my fire burns ; ever tense and ardent,
Worthily I work out the life that's holy.

'Only within'—*ajjhattikam*—'that which belongs to the attan,' the very man :—that was a word we used much in those early days.[71] It had come to be used by the more thoughtful brahmans of my day.[72] This meaning of the word was not clearly seen when the books came to be reworded. I lay a high worth on seeing man as an altar ; for in that lies the true worth in the idea of sacrifice. I often would speak of man with this figure, and my men made verses of my word, made it into a mantra, made it worthily. The fire in me burned all my life. That fire, had I had the word, I should have called Will. When all the world's outer altars are laid low, when man has come to see that the worthy altar, the

true *tejas* or fire burns *within* him, his will, then will he hold in worth the real, the very true.

I come back to the little group who heard my first world-word, to my first helpers. It is odd that the books speak of them as only five, and allude to them often as 'the five-band monks.'[73] About double that number were present. Two at least of these were women, for there were a few women who had been with us when we were trying the Jain austerities. The narrative brings in hosts of devas as listening[74]—and I have given you what I know about that—when the matter of *women* being present was of no importance for the editing monk. I have told you who beyond the five were present.

I was therefore puzzled when long after I came to see the Pali chronicle, and found this number five. Five happened to be in my day an auspicious number: five divisions in the Kāma-loka, or next world, and in our Order's numberings: five Indriyas, five Balas, five of this or that kind of Jhāna. It was reckoned important in a preacher, that an auspicious number should be associated with his doctrine. And five was very lucky when a man was setting forth a new thing. It meant the very

man—whether there was here any connection with the hand and fingers I say not. And let the reader of this not forget, that the ' eight ' of the Way was an after-addition. I taught it as threefold.

You ask touching the little world in which our mission began : was there any sort of crisis in the people's will, predisposing them to listen to us on the chief subject of our teaching ? I tell you, yes, a very real crisis. Your world is not just now in such a crisis, and cannot judge of it. The will in such a crisis is very general. It will come again. It is not here yet. It will be very widely felt when it comes. It will not be shown among a few. It will be like a very world-wave. There comes over a world among the multitude a sense of wanting something, a very thirst to hear a new message, a very thirst to learn of something that has not compelled attention.

Such was the world when Zarathustra taught that the Highest was the very Good. His world had waked to the absence of this truth in the wording of the rites. The world finds it hard now to understand such a crisis, for the Highest is now so conceived as a matter of course. Again, after us, the world, in the time of Jesus, was waking to the

need of man's warding of man. The little world of Jesus listened eagerly to him as he taught men to ward each other in the body. The Good was not then the new ideal, nor the warding of each other's minds. It was the healing, the ministry of the body. If a man was possessed of a devil, the healing was the getting rid of the devil from the body. Men accepted the story of the good Samaritan. And the judging after death was according to man's warding on earth of his brother's body.

That gospel was not the last, but the world was not ready for more. I had great worth in the body, and now and then I healed. But the care of the ailing, neglected, misused body was seen to in my day more than your world knows. Men and women cared for each other's health. I am shown warding it in others when they had left the home.[75] It is truly told, but it is not presented in a worthy way. It would have occupied a different position, had such care of each other's health been of importance in the teaching. The very way it is given is a proof that the subject was not made of great worth. I have the very worth in the healing the ills of the body. It is greatly valued now, and it was then. I taught not that, but another thing.

Of that message, and of the way in which it was welcomed I have spoken. But that which gave me the hold I had on men was the care I took of each man's case. Each man I helped looked on me as the one who was more occupied about him than about the whole. I had the whole at heart, but not so much while I was attending to the man in each man. I strove to give a very world-word to men, but I considered the man for himself. I gave heed to the individual, to him whose case is not that of any one else in the universe. From the past he comes by a different way. He goes a different way. To help, we must get at the man in each man, even while we seek the welfare of the man in all men.

Men like a world-word that is for all. They like to be reckoned as the many. It gives strength to an utterance. But the worth in a word on all must lie in its worth for each one. I have seen writers, whom I have willed, recognize this, but they were few. Those few are for me worthy in this, for they wrote truly. No one can judge man by Everyman. I did not do so. Man's knowledge has grown in so far as he has, with much dropping of particulars, considered the many in one. But to grow further, he must go on to consider the one in the many.

And more, to be a world-word, in man's welfare, the helper's message must not be of and for one world only. For each man is not of and for this world only.

I will now say a word on each of the fellow-workers who were with me from the first. Later I will say something on those who were with me at the end. And first Aññā Kondañña, brahman.[76] He accepted the truth and worth of my message, and gave it his support straightway. There the record is right, but not in the word-play on his name. Aññā was his personal name, as Kondañña was his clan-name. That there was any special worth in that word *aññā*, knowledge—of four truths or the like—was not assigned to it by me, but was a later growth. Kondañña was in every way a worthy ally and helper. He appreciated all the ideas we brought into our teaching : causation, rapt musing to win to the unseen, the value of clear thinking and analysis, and of impressive utterance ; but most of all he valued the doctrine of the Way, and the need of bringing it home, not to the few, but to the people. He honoured me for both Way, and the will to help. He was my very good friend. He saw no wonder-man in me, but a friend, who worshipped the true as he

did. But he was much older than I, and after three years he fell ill and left the earth. I was in woe at losing his help, for he was a very helper. Commentaries would make out that he had been one of those brahmans at my home, who augured from the marks on my baby body what I should become, but this is quite wrong. Many a worthless word of the sort has been said about me. They had been repeated so often in different tongues at different times, that much had got confused, and much was put in in the way of working an effect.

Of Vappa, too, the same wrong story is told. That he and the other four, or their sons had waited all those years for me to join me is a worthless fable. I had never seen one of the five till I met them at Vesāli. They had no premonition about me. They did not see in me anything wonderful. They had their own theories, and it was a worthy work I had to do to bring them to teach my Way. They never ceased to value their own special views.

Vappa's chief interest lay in Sānkhyan thought. You are not told of this, nor that he also was not long with us. As is recorded, he was a brahman, and could recite the Vedas in the old tongue. He would do this, and then

repeat those mantras to us in our Prakrit. He judged man's nature in the brahman way: that the very man was Ātman, Brahman; and he also defined the 'man' in the Sānkhyan way as neither body nor mind:—'not I, not mine, not the man (*purusa, attā*) of me.' It is due to Vappa, and perhaps still more to Mahānāma, that this way of wording came very early into our teaching.

But Vappa lost the will to continue with us, and that for two or more reasons. For him man was, as very man, the unchanging, eternal essence, the divine, untouchable by time, by experience. For me the very man was changing, never remaining the same, becoming, growing, and not in mind or body only. Again, Vappa would have no monks in our society, and no women. I wished to have both, for I had seen that men are very different in what they bring, and in what they need. And the monk valued quiet in a very worthy way. Women were from the first wishing to join to satisfy their needs. The Jains had already introduced nuns. The books say, I willed to keep them out. Nay, I willed them to come in, when once we became so established, that we needed no longer to be just a man-world. But they who repeated

came to forget this, or they were only of such men as had been, or were unwilling to see women come in. Vappa was no world-forsaker. In this we were of the same opinion, and we were much together. But he remained so much a world-man, that to the world he went back. For me there was no going back.

Of Mahānāma there is not much to say. He had left a worthless home at Rājagaha to come a-wandering, for his wife had worn him out with her evil ways, and it was a very world-worn man that I met in him. He was all the more drawn to the practice of musing in Jhāna, because of the better world into which it had brought him. He was more of a muser than an effective teacher, hence though he was long with us, you hear nothing more of him.

Bhaddiya was of the 'five' the least original, the least a seeker of the new, the least a man having a new idea to be worked out. But in his fellow-townsman Mahānāma he had come across a seeker of stronger will, and it was in his company that he had set out as a wanderer to Vesāli. Without any new word of his own, he was the more concerned with the art of impressively wording that which was not new, that which was known, accepted, honoured.

He was not alone in this. Others with him set themselves to clothe my sayings in a fixed form. It was these who first made the Way as having eight parts which a man should choose. I used to word the good way now as this, now as that, but usually as three : mind, word and deed. I respected their good will in the matter, but as for me, I could not teach in fixed phrasing. You were right ; I never said anything in the one way more than once. For the next man I wanted to help was different from the last. It was ever the expressed will of each man to which I spoke. Always I was ' vibhajjavādin,'[77] always the particularizer, even though it was a world-word that I uttered. But *we had to make our Vedas* ; the monks soon saw to that.

It is true that I was sometimes addressing a number, whether of monks or of the laity. But even then I never addressed them in any fixed form of wording. If now they have much fixed phrasing in the books, that is the result of the way in which they were recorded. There were among us men listening who made that their work. They remembered and they repeated my words after me. But the teachers of the following generations were not using my words with the identical sense or emphasis used by me. They wished to bring forward

other points of view, and the fixed forms gradually ceased to give *even the wording I had used.*

But it is chiefly through another fellow-worker, not of the five, Manthita, that my first utterance came to take the form in which it finally took root. He worked with us many years, and although the books say nothing of him, none was so responsible as he for the shape in which our teachings have taken in the books. I will come back to him when I tell you things of my later years. Do you hold it strange that his name has not lived? I could tell you of other forgotten helpers, men and women. In my world they are not forgotten, nor their work, nor their worth. Even those five, to whom I first taught my plan, they and their work and their worth have been all but forgotten. Yet they were very worthy men and good fellow-workers, and their influence in shaping the form which the teaching came to take was very great. Why then are they ignored save as the grudging and then welcoming 'five-set-er monks'? Men are anxious to have the scriptures they hand on word what is of the highest value; but they are considering what is of highest value in their own day. And the 'five' were not of the day of those who finally

fixed the wording of the scriptures. Even in their own day the five, with their independent views, were not greatly esteemed by those who did not share those views.

I appreciated their views as theirs, but the after-world has put their views on to me. They appreciated the way I taught their views, but I have been given all the credit of them. This is especially the case with the teaching of the last of the five, Assaji, of whom I have spoken already. The theory of causation, which Assaji was chiefly concerned about, I did indeed in a way make my own teaching, but not in the way the books word it. I have told you how, for me, the idea of cause is wrought up in the teaching of the Way. As wayfarer, man becomes the working cause of the wayfaring effect, that is of advance in the Way. This was the worth I had in the idea of cause ; if the cause be known and applied, the effect follows. But the monk's worth in cause was just the opposite : if the cause be known and withheld, the effect is made to cease. I have herein been very misinterpreted, very misworded, and the worth of my teaching has been by so much the worsened.

I have now to give a truer word than does the Vinaya[78] on my meeting with the man I

valued most, with Sāriputta, whose first name was Upatissa. It is told, that he, a brahman, was seeking the 'undying' (or immortal: *amata*), and that Assaji, meeting him, said he had found the man who taught it, and that thereupon Assaji described my teaching as being a teaching of causation, misworded as I have shown you. It is a very badly fitted chronicle, bearing on it the stamp of things half-forgotten and patched together. This is the true word.

Sāriputta was at Vesāli when I came there, a leading and eloquent pupil of the school of Sañjaya, the dialectician. Among debaters Sāriputta was eminent and could get the better in any argument. When the five friends and I were studying Jhāna under Ālāra, Sāriputta joined also. I was musing often and able to hear men of the next world speaking. Afterwards I would tell my friends what I had heard. They told me that the student Sāriputta was also a successful muser. I asked that they would bring him to me. I was drawn to him at once, and he told me of his experiences in Jhāna, how he had been worded by both the next world and the Brahma world. He was full of zest to make known man's life as *amata*, as a way through the worlds, as a way where, at the

threshold of the next world, there was the judging according to deeds, such as we are rightly shown to have taught.

He was not present when I brought out my message of the world-way, but it was told him, and he made it his own teaching for the rest of his life. He had little worth in debating on words, as was the way in Sañjaya's school. He was the unwavering lover of the fact. He attached no value to words without deeds, without the true thing to use words about. He considered the worth in the very 'man' more than in 'men.' And he regarded converse with the worlds unseen as the very true, as a very important part of our life. He was a very dear friend to me; his fellow-workers were dear to him. He was a very gentle soul, very appreciative, very wide in outlook.

Sāriputta's name is much linked with that of another early fellow-worker, Moggallāna, whose family was the Kolita brahmans. He was also a pupil of Sañjaya, as well as of Ālāra. He was a very psychic man and valued much Ālāra's methods. No other among us, not even Anuruddha, had supernormal capacity, or 'iddhi' so richly as he. I held his gifts in high regard, as he also mine. But I had less confidence in my powers than he in his. He was very self-confident in his,

and even vain about them, and this hindered him in the way of the good life. He vaunted his power in a way that was not seemly, and this worried me much, for to show power, save in helping, was revolting to me. It is true that I exerted power over Pātika,[79] as you read in the books, as if I were wishing just to show it, but this was by way of warning the men of Vesāli how worthless a teacher he was.

Moggallāna held in high worth my teaching of the Way as a worlds-way, and he wished me to speak oftener of man's wayfaring as not of earth only but of the worlds. I now think I was wrong not to, since I had so much of which I could have spoken. And it has come about that this side of what I knew and had experienced and often am recorded as mentioning, is passed over and treated as if it had been thrust in later, as so many wonder-myths. As I have already told you, they who afterworded my sayings were, in the spirit of their day, caring more for the things of earth.

Now of the other men who, at the very beginning of my work as teacher, were the very helpers of me, I would name chiefly these :— Punna of the Mantānis, Kacchāna, Kotthita, Kappina, Revata.

Of these Punna, when he joined us, was of

the more ascetic monks called Mundakas, or shavelings.[80] They were at that time the very thorough-going recluses, world-forsakers, who willed not only to be so, but to be manifestly so in their bodies, their dress, their ways. We for instance did not shave the head as they did. I honoured in the Shavelings their honesty, though I did not value their idea of life for men. But it was they who made of my community a very monk-world, as it was my community which made that world a yet greater vogue than it had been before. And Punna wished me to hold up the monk-way as the best. I would not. I was a world-man, not an ex-world-man. I was for work in world-work. Punna was for the monk as the man who had no part in world-work, and was thus the better able to follow the worthiest in the Way in the worlds. He was much looking to me as a teacher, yet he was sad that I had not more sympathy with his point of view. He had not this world only in view, as I also had not, but he judged the monk-life the only fit preparation for the further world-wandering. We had many talks together, but I could not bring him to do justice to the lay-life.

He went away at last—yes, he was the same Punna, the one who went as missionary to the

Sunaparantakas,[81] that is, to Chittagong. He suffered much in that rough world, and was killed by them, to my great sorrow. He was a man of iron will, but, wilful, he willed to go his own way. He could have helped us much. He understood as few did, the growth, the 'werden' step by step of the very 'man' in man. You remember his parable of the chariot-relays,[82] a worthy saying which is more worthily remembered than many, stage by stage to the journey's end. And he understood, as many ceased to understand, the real object of the Jhāna-musing. More than most men he dwelt 'lokuttara,' beyond this world.

Kacchāna was a very estimable man, who was at once a world-forsaker and an insatiable wanderer. He never cared to dwell long in any one place. Above all he loved the wild. Material things, material comforts affected him not at all. He willed the simple hard life no less than Sona, who as you know went to join him [83] at that Avanti, which was in what is now called Kashmir—not the Avanti round Ujjeni. It was a wild district, but while Kacchāna was there, he started a very worthy school, which persisted for a long time, and developed an independent teaching, tradition

and literature, unaffected till much later by the work of the Councils. It was a little world in itself, and little regarded by the outer world. The only book of the school surviving on earth[84] was the work of the little Sangha there, and was not included in the Patna revision. You know that it has different readings. They had their own method of Abhidhamma. Yes, their wording of condition and cause is done well.[85] It is all ascribed to Kacchāna, but that was just a way of imparting a worthy tradition to their teaching, even as was done in rules and sayings ascribed to me.

Kacchāna is very rightly commended in the list called the Best in this and that (*etad-agga*).[86] H was a fine exponent himself, and much valued clear exposition of detail in others. His analyses were on the inner world, the very man expressing himself through sense and memory, and he did much to give such teaching the weight you well know it has in our traditions. But he was too world-worn to care much to help the many. He would teach the Way, but more as the way for the few.

Kotthita—his personal name was Manda—was of the brahman clan of that name. He was one of the very few of my early helpers

who survived me. And all those many years he was a very worthy teacher. Of his teaching more will be told you. Yet you read but little of all that he did teach. Nor was he in his own tastes a man to win popularity. He liked to converse with and to instruct the few, not the many. The monks even wondered that I held him in such worth. He was looked upon as a dreamer, a mystic, a spokesman of the psychically gifted. My regard for him was held to be just my general good will. But he with Sāriputta was my brother-worder in the Way, and he taught it as my chief message when he and I were both old. As I have said, he taught it better than I. He lacked words no less than I, but he brought out the man in the way as having *to choose* ;—' to fare or walk, or not to,' is how he worded it. That the alternative is there is implied in the wording as you have it. But how differently would you not word it to-day ? I did not myself grasp in the full sense, as I can now, what I was willed to say. We had plenty of mind-terms. But here we are concerned with choice, with will. Mind is of course active all the time, but it is as a mode of will.

And Kotthita was not only expert muser, and a worthy analyst of mind but at the same

time an affirmer of the reality of the 'man.' The catechism between him and Sāriputta in the Sutta called Vedalla[87] is on the whole well recorded, and I will come back to it presently, but it too bears the marks of otherwise-minded editors.

Of Kappina I have spoken already, and shall speak again.

I thought highly of Revata, the brother of Sāriputta, as were also Upasena and Chunda. He was chiefly a teacher of the Jain doctrine of *ahimsā*, the 'hurting nothing,' neither man nor beast. This is sometimes rendered as 'kindness,' but it is not the positive virtue. His verses record his strong good will to man and beast, as you well know.[88] For me *ahimsā* was not a central word, as it was of the Jains. For me that was the Way. Revata was much in the woods, a muser communicating with the worlds, but for him the main thing was *ahimsā*. I honoured him in this, and I also taught it.

These then were the first and very worthy fellow-workers with whom I began the work of bringing help by a new teaching to the people in the region of Benares.

VII

OUR WORK

You ask about the second utterance, which in the books follows so closely on the first.[89] It was a word I spoke with my helpers concerning the episode told of the stolen goods.[90] Both word and episode have been much misworded in the course of repetition and revision.

I heard that certain men at Benares were looking for a thieving servant. They were worthy persons, not the licentious men the monkish editors have made them out as being. It was not a courtesan, but a hired servant who had been working in the house of one of them and had left taking some jewelry. The women they had gone out with on a pleasure excursion were their respected wives, and they and their husbands, knowing that I was developing psychic power, were wondering if I could give them a clue as to the whereabouts of the thief or the goods.

I was sorry for their loss, but they were wealthy men, and it was not a matter of much

moment. I was much more concerned with a right view on that hidden thing, the very 'man' (*attan*). I said: "would you not rather be seeking the 'Man,' than the woman? I am sorry at the loss, but this is so much more important."

I certainly did not preach to them as I am made to do. I was not then a world-worder. But I did not will to use my access to other worlds for material wants. They were disappointed, but they bore with me well, for they were good fellows. For them 'the man' meant the *purusa*, invisible, or seen only in eye,[91] and was something divine, that is *ātman, Brahman*. But there was a growing vogue of regarding the *purusa* as your world does now, that is, as just the body with the mind, and no more; and it was this that I was exercised about. Certainly the body was not the man. But neither was the mind. For the mind was ever and swiftly changing, but the man, if not changeless, changed much more slowly, so much more slowly, that even now people in your world persist in saying, he never changes. I do not hold with that. For me the very man, the 'I' changes, because he is ever in a process of becoming, of coming to be what he was not.

Later we were recalling that Vesāli matter,

and the friends asked me just what had I meant in telling those men to seek the ' man '? I then spoke a word which has been estimated as a mantra. By it men have judged my teaching in its bearing on ' philosophy ' and as ' religion.' These two terms were not of my day, but they have great vogue in your day, and writers test my teaching by them, saying that as philosophy I taught the ' not-self,' as religion I taught the ' not-being ' (or going out, Nirvana). In either case the judgment is very wrong. As philosophy my teaching should count as this : the worth of life lies in man's will in choosing the better ; *not* in man being a no-thing. As religion my teaching should count as this : the life of man is a way through the worlds to the goal, and not a going out into not-life. Worthy will my teaching appear when once this is made clear. Will the earth listen to what is said through you ?

My second utterance was thus : " There is of us mind, there is of us body ; we are aware of both ; we know that each is less strong than we would have it, that each loses in worth with old age, nor is always able, when we would have this or that. We cannot say, I would be this, I would be that, or I would not be this or that. We mind what is the more

excellent, what is the worse. More worth is ours when we attain, or again when we can avoid, but often we cannot. We may see the means, but be unable to use them. The wise man knows this. He knows that his bodily worth is not as he might desire; he knows that his worth in mind is not as he might desire. His desire may be worthy, but to attain may not be his. The wise man will therefore not desire for body or mind what he cannot attain. It is in the very man (*attan*) that he will desire the welfare (*attha*)."

This last sentence came to be quite left out.* The repeaters got by degrees persuaded that there was no man, and that therefore the mantra must have been wrongly worded. They caught up the Sānkhyan formula which is now in the address, the little negative refrain—they put that in. But they had forgotten that this refers only to body and mind, and that the Sānkhya affirmed the 'man.' It was the brahman overstressing the God in the 'man' to which my world was opposed. Later on this opposition was no more necessary and, the word being the same, the meaning got changed to just the person or self. For this I preferred the word *puggala*, because it

* Indeed a very perversion of it came to be used. Thus, *e.g.* in Vin. T.II, 13, Gotama is made to say, in commending monks: "They speak of their *attha* without bringing in the *attā*."

meant then just men, not the ' man ' or ' I.' Yes, it is a true memory to which the Kathāvatthu refers.[92]

Thus the positive word with which I could have helped men was taken from me, and the negative word which by itself makes my teaching worthless, is put forward as the most characteristic note in our ' philosophy ' !

There remains, of the earliest utterances recorded, the third, the word about ' burning.'[93] No, that was not worded with any reference to those who had been fire-worshippers. We were a new Order of monks—so it had been decided—and for monks it was important to ward the use of sense, else they could not command the respect of the world. There was nothing more in it than this, nor is it very well recorded. For instance I did not speak of ' disgust ' (*nibbidā*) at sense-impressions as desirable. Else I should have taught no better than the brahman Pārāsariya, whom you remember I blame.[94] He exhorted his pupils to close the gates of the senses and become as the blind, the deaf, the insensible. I never taught like that.

About those fire-worshippers I have this to say :—People first accorded us notice and

repute after I had won over to our new society men who had attained repute in a way I deemed was not wise. These men were the brahman brothers Kassapa and their followers.[95] Fire was accorded worship in India from very ancient times, but it had become a more special object of worship in Persia, and these brothers had imported the Persian cult. It was after the time of Zarathustra that it became in his church a more central cult than with brahmans generally. Zarathustra was on earth some time before me and had not long passed on. I used to hear of him through the merchants who traded with Persia. I held in high worth his teaching that the Highest is the Good in thought, word and deed. I had no new word given me on the Highest, but it seemed to me certain that the Highest must be the Good, else not the Highest.

You will know that, in the scriptures of the old Persian faith, there is mention of an Indian brahman Kangran-ghacah, who is said to have gone to Persia to teach, and to have been himself converted to the teaching of Zarathustra. This was Kassapa, he 'of Uruvelā,' as the two names of him, personal and family names, came to be worded by the Persians. When I heard that he had been in Persia, I was eager to know him. Each

of us learnt to esteem the other, and I was with him for some time. My men wished me to meet him, and his men welcomed me and made me their honoured guest.

Kassapa was honoured by the people as a 'holy,'[96] literally, worthy man or arahan. Yes the word came among us to mean what you would call holy. But in my day I found it to mean rather a teacher who had extraordinary will-power, or 'iddhi," power to hypnotize, clairvoyance, clairaudience, power to read men's thoughts, and to call up mental images in others that seem real. As I have said, I also had developed these gifts under Ālāra. But I was not in agreement with Kassapa, that there was in fire any magic that could ward man in the unseen. I held that the good mind, word and deed of Zarathustra's teaching, as being of the very nature of the Highest, was a better warding for the man in his wayfaring in the worlds than any tending of fire.

Now the books make out that, as Kassapa's guest, I entered into a sort of competition with him, in order that, by coming out as the greater magician, I might persuade people to listen more to my teaching than to Kassapa's. This is imputed unjustly. It is not all wrongly told. I was indeed with a cobra in Kassapa's fire-house, where he held

his fire-rites. I used will-power over the cobra. We did not hurt cobras, since they would not attack us if we did not molest them. But I made it afraid and placed it, certainly not, as recorded, in my bowl! it was far too big, but in a basket.

Kassapa was much impressed by my psychic powers. He had them in a lesser degree. He was able to rise in the air, and he also saw the devas, rulers of other worlds, who came to me, while I was his guest. He had imagined me as less 'arahan,' less 'psychic' than himself. I showed him that I was more so. I was in no wise proud of this. I gave in after years a solemn warning about the use of such powers. I valued the using of them where help could thereby be better given, but as just 'wonder' I had no worth in them.[97] The books hint truly at the less worthy things Kassapa had gone after in his fire-worship, and of his coming to see more eye to eye with me. His brothers listened also to me, and I was able to persuade them all to give up the fire-cult. I honoured their courage in the change, for it was a confession that they had been wrong, and that is not a thing the world holds in honour.

It is rightly told, that whereas the king had honoured them, he thenceforth turned to me.

Bimbisāra of Magadha was the average worldly man, but he was wise to honour us, for the life we taught his people was one that would spread peace and righteousness.

I go on with our work and our teaching. When we went among people as teaching monks, we did so, as I have said, in the usual way : in return for tending in bodily necessities, we gave the worthier things about the things not bodily, about the very 'man,' about the unseen, about any matter concerning which advice was sought. My little world grew quickly and was zealous in its work. They were not all of them worthy always. The books show that well enough. But most of them were in their way of life virtuous, peaceable workers, worthy helpers in difficult cases, good warders. And men respected them as such. On the whole they were worthier than worldly persons made them out as being. They revered the higher things. They held in worth such knowledge as they had. They tried to teach it ; they taught the Way ; they respected those who merited respect.

The men I sent forth to teach in twos[98] for longer than just the day started from Rājagaha, soon after we had made our home

near Rājagaha. The Bamboo Wood was too far for them to go out to teach and return in the day. Going in twos was safer for them, and likely to effect a better teaching than by one man only. Any other rules were made afterwards. I made none. I trusted them. They were as good as I. They were as I; they willed to help each man. They were not many, those first missionaries, nor did they go far. They taught the Way, *magga*, *brahmachariya*. This good work they carried on for about eight months of the year, then we met at home for the rains, and very happy we were to be together again. They told of new adherents and, as is rightly told, I approved of their admitting such.

They only went around in the neighbouring villages. Later when we were a bigger world it became advisable to interrupt the mission-tours for a time. About that more presently.

Māra, whom I am said to have encountered over the matter of those first missions, was no devil or mysterious wraith, as the books make out. When we used the term 'māra,' it was to speak of this or man as a very type of will-worsener, either as a sceptic, or as an encourager of low desires. Such for instance was the man of the Vesāli Licchavis,

Sunakkhatta, who tried to persuade me to work wonders.[99] Long after, the monks came to give the idea real personality, personifying the things they most feared :—death, failure, seduction, the attraction of the world.

In this way the true way of will-worsening is lost sight of. Men it is true are tempted, men are worsened from without, but it is by human willers, both of this world and of the next world. That the latter is true has now nearly died out of your world, yet not long ago a wise man, not of any world of clergy but a healer, had the courage to affirm it as true. You know.

Māra is never a very devil or demon, but just a man who wills evil. The name means death, and evil leads ever to some sort of destroying. The many stories on Māra mean only that. Māra is never described save as some man, or creature. Never as woman ! The daughters of Māra come nearest to that.[100] Woman was reckoned as in herself Māra without the name.

Do you also tell this : Our teaching in those young, fresh years, wherever it was given, was no monk's propaganda as the books are too apt to make out. We were not trying to persuade everyone to be monks. Our message

of the WAY was a message to laymen, for the welfare in their work and their life of the men of the world in the home, in the business, in the outlook ahead beyond these. It was a teaching which saw worth and growth *in* that life, not in the leaving of it. It was later, when the monks and the monk-spirit became paramount, that the very wording of records took on monastic values.

The case of the youth Yasa is an instance.[101] Yasa was a good man and became our very worthy adherent. He is not heard of again, because he continued to live at home. He did not enter the teaching company, as he is said to have done. It is true that when I found him, he was in trouble and worry. But this was not that he might leave the world, but because he could not enter it, and take his part in its work. He was very young, married young by his parents, in the Indian way ancient and modern, and kept in a very foolish seclusion. So much so, that he could not be absent from his house for a few hours without an anxious search being made for him!

It is a very faulty account of what I taught him. I taught him the Way, and in it he found good guidance for choosing the worthier living as layman. I did not talk to him about leaving the world as a better thing. There was too

much of it in his life already. He was wanting to be among his fellows who were at work. He had no worth for the secluded life. He had had enough of it. It is true that he was much drawn to me.

You ask about the visit to my home.[102] I had already sent word at an earlier date that I should not come back as the heir. It was still in the early years of my work, after that decision, that a messenger came, asking me if I would not visit my home to tell them of my teaching. They had been left in no doubt as to my mode of life. The welcome given me was as if I had never been one of them, but was admittedly a teacher of repute. The record of the visit will not be understood if this is not borne in mind. Monks accompanied me. It was a long journey. I was greeted with honour, and I taught there the Way, the worth of the ' man,' the wayfaring to the end of ill, the better world that men might make of this earth. My listeners paid great heed to my words, for a gospel for laymen was a felt want, and a new mandate was welcomed. Many became adherents ; many more wished me well ; the men with me were also made welcome.

I am said to have interviewed the woman

who had been my wife. I did not. She was now the wife of Udāyin, the messenger who had fetched me. Regard for her is not misplaced; she was a good woman; she did tell her son that he might follow me; this was during my visit. Rāhula did come with me; he did become the very worthy monk.

Many women too were eager to come, but this was not when Pajāpatī brought many and asked to enter as nuns. That was later, when my father left the earth. Then she was free, and came to my community, but when she did, women had already begun to come in. It was during my visit none the less that women first entered as nuns. They were led by Yasodharā, my kinswoman, of whom it is told that she sent me a gift, before I left my home. Their coming in is, as you know, mentioned in the Apadāna.[103] I was worried when I saw the misstatement about them. This is the truth about the matter.

Those women at my home and they before my visit who first took interest in me and my work were full of will to help in that work. They were not so much occupied with their woes at home. They were eager to teach with us. They valued what we were doing for men. They had at heart the welfare of men. They were the mothers of the world.

Nothing will ever justify me for having begun to admit them where this was not their aim. I held very high in worth those first women. I was willing they should come in when we could make the life possible for them. We held them as very worthy, even as they held the work to be very worthy.

The women who sought to enter, as the Vinaya tells,[104] with Pajāpatī were much later. They were much concerned to escape from their homes, their duties to the world, their work in it. Now I held these things in much worth ; I had no wish that life in the Order should be esteemed as a worthier life because it turned from the world. They were the warrior women, of whom I have spoken, and I was not willing *they* should come in. I could not well refuse, when they showed persistent earnestness, but I did not like to be looked upon as offering a refuge from duties. Where I hesitated, the books make out, that I was opposed to them as women, and that is not true.

It is that growing preoccupation with self-salvation and with compassing it by escape from the world, yes, and from life itself that brought upon the Order the not unmerited name of Hīnayāna.

I found my father well, but he was not

worried about an heir. Nanda, his other son, was with him, but as he was a very unworldly youth, unfit to rule the Sakyan rājas, my father had made his own brother, my uncle Mahāmatta, the heir apparent. Nanda came afterwards to us. When Ānanda and the other Sakyans came in, it was yet later.

VIII

TENDENCIES AT WORK WITHIN

I HAVE said something of the real worth, the new worth in my teaching which is hard to find, and which is overlooked in the bald reworded records of things forgotten in time and because of other values. I have yet something to add as to what that teaching meant for me and for men.

When I was yet young as a teacher, the notion of the ' man,' the man-in-man, was a most important in any religious teaching. It was out of the question to see no reality in him. The brahman considered him as very Brahman in microcosm ; the Jain considered him as an independent unaffected entity, inner world-contemplator. I dissented from both views. For me the very man was neither as Brahman, nor an entirely independent inner world. The man for me was and is what you cannot in English rightly name ; he is the 'Werdender,' the ' Becoming-er,' he who is ever becoming, he who is to be

worthy. Here and there you may see this coming out in the books in the words *bhāvanā*, *bhāveti*, i.e. making, (or causing) to become. But the books fail to show the value these words had for me, as had also words for growth—*vaddhi*, *vuddhi*. In this way they are worthless worders. They have ever the unworthy way of telling something true in a mass of the untrue.

I give you an instance. They speak, once only, of wisdom (*paññā*) as that which should be made to become (*bhāvetabbā*). You drew attention to that.* But there they leave it, nor has the Commentary any sense of its importance. Now all the worth in my figure of the Way is based on this : that man is not, but is becoming. The wayfaring is nothing if it be not an advance. Man's life is nothing worth if he stay where he is.

But the monk's fear and hopelessness over against life worsened his teaching about becoming, as it worsened his teaching of the Way. The monk's Way was not a way of becoming, as I taught it, but a way to stop becoming, a way out of, an escape from life. For him it meant the withholding, the suppressing the cause of rebirth, it meant a gospel of 'ceasing,' of 'waning,' of the 'not-re-

* *Buddhist Psychology*, p. 131 f. on *Majjhima*, i, 293.

arising' (*anuppāda*). They came to speak of a fourfold way, each section of which culminated in a moment of realization which they called Fruit.[105] This Fruit was the thing valued, valued in that it meant 'nearer the not becoming.'

That was not the way I taught. The Way means value in becoming, not in the thing that has become; means value in looking forward, not in looking back at the won. It is this looking back that runs, as you found, through the Gāthās. There the men, the women, with hardly an exception, rest in what they have done, they have no 'forward view'—that is a good word; whose is it? Meredith's, you say. Well, Meredith valued becoming, prized the better. Here the best of us has to consider what and how we may be. When the end comes, then shall we come not to the better, but to the being Well.

I come back to that saying about wisdom. It is, as you know, in the 'Inquiry (by catechism) Sayings,' and the question is, whether wisdom and mind are the same or quite different. A little later it is asked, who is it who is the referee, the enjoyer of our five several sets of sense-impressions? And the answer is 'mind.' Now your readers will not believe you, but I tell you, that when this

catechism was first repeated from Sāriputta's answers, the saying was, not 'wisdom and mind,' but *the man and mind*; and the other saying was, not 'mind is the referee and enjoyer,' but *the man* is the referee, the enjoyer.

Why and how did these changes come about? For they did come. You felt the misfit in the former question, and puzzled over how to account for a mind which, as 'heap,' or group, came in for whole-hearted depreciation, but which, as exerting wisdom or understanding, was so wholeheartedly extolled. You did not feel the misfit in the latter question. Why? Because your own world has come to consider mind, that is, minding, as the minder, the man.

Now this is just what was growing up in the Indian world during and after my life as Gotama. For the first time the mind, under different names and from different points of view, was coming to be more and more attended to in all the leading schools of thought. You have shown that this was so in the Upanishads of my generation. The brahman teachers brought forward many ways of mind-working, and even tried to place them in a scale of values. But in the end they are all referred back to that Ātman who was both Brahman and the man. And

students are warned against seeking, not the thinker, the doer, the feeler . . . but the thinking, the doing, the feeling. . . .

The Sānkhya analysed mind no less and more concisely than the Brahman teachers, but always in the end to show, that the man really is, yet is not body, not mind. The Jains were also giving heed to the mind, but chiefly to show man as managing it. The general Indian view of my day may be expressed in the brahman word *antarayāmin*, inner controller, the man, the giver of mandate to the mind.[106] But the newer way of thinking was beginning to put mind, the controlling, in the place of man the controller. And this was what you find in those Vedalla sayings.

The Commentary in one of two passages betrays the older view, as there persisting, of the inner controller. You did not heed it as being more than just a parable. The mental factors are represented as coming in *to the Man* to be rightly ' named,' determined.

And in the sayings themselves, sometimes the older, the truer way is left, sometimes the substitution of mind for man has been made. Thus in the Snake parable of the troubled wayfarer, the man (*purisa*) comes at last by the raft of the Way to cross the stream of death (the Commentary explains away the

stream as ' desire ') and stands, still a man, with earth-body and earth-mind left behind, on the further shore of the next world.[107] So I taught. But in the good parable before it of messengers bringing word of the True from all quarters to the man, ' the Lord of the town sitting in the midst at the cross-roads ' is said to be, not the man, but the mind, the noting, the receiving, the appraising, not the inner controller, heeder, accepter, valuer.

Thus the worthy effort made by Sāriputta and Kotthita to link together a true teaching on man and mind was lost. The vogue was too strong of this new study of mind. The man's place was usurped ; the controller was replaced by the controlling, the charioteer by the driving ; his progress as becoming was made to dwindle ; he himself was made to dwindle : the man as prone to ill becomes ' just ill ' ; the man willing and doing becomes just doing (*karma*) ; the man as not body not mind becomes just not man. The monks persisted in deploring the will to live on in a Way of becoming in the worlds. They ended by reducing growth to a matter of a few years' exercise in worthy thought, word and deed on earth.

Those Catechism-sayings are also notable in their treatment of Jhāna or musing. Notable

because, whereas both of the teachers were regular practisers of musing, the sayings are silent on just that for which they valued the musing. Why is this?

There are two reasons. One I have given you: the time was adverse to quest in the unseen. This is not true of India all the time, but it is true for the time when my movement was growing. The brahman teaching about man's fate in the hereafter was at once too vague and too fanciful. The newer will was impatient with world-wording that consigned man now to the moon, now to the elements, now to the Manes. The other reason is that, at the time of their teaching this and other sayings, neither of these most worthy comrades of mine was held in much honour. Sāriputta was much revered *after we had lost him.* But of the things he had taught, only such were kept alive in memory as were in tune with the spirit of the time, when the records were given their final shape. And of Kotthita as not a popular man I have spoken.

The only value in Jhāna as it appears in the books is the value attached to it by the monk, namely as a way of so worsening sense that the muser became already dead to the world, dead indeed *to any world.* To such it was torment to hear any noise, any sound, as

if a 'thorn' had pierced them.[108] But in my day we were not so taken up with deadening of sense as with what really mattered in Jhāna. For us, as with Ālāra, it was to be so intent on the *quickening of our other sense*, that we were careless as to noise. For us it was fitly called Rūpa-jhāna, musing of the next worlds. The lovely awareness that comes when worthy willers of those worlds come to speak still survives in at least the tradition of Burmese Buddhism, as recorded by a man you have had associated with your work.[109] Yet even the old books testify to this and to musing's original object. In one I am made to say, that when the muser is in the 'fourth stage' he abides and talks with devas, men who have passed to a quite happy world; then does the muser experience that world.[110] And further, an expert in musing is said to have been called 'one who has access to devas.'[111]

I greatly valued Jhāna, but only as a help in seeking guidance from the unseen. What worth can it be truly said to have had otherwise for men in my teaching? You have wondered what? As a merely negative process, it is of little worth. We shall not deepen our ideas by shutting off the sources of those ideas. We are only keeping out new ideas.

The other stages of musing, called Arūpa-

jhana, were only a consistent, rather than a useful effort to gain access to all other worlds : mind-worlds without bodies, body-worlds without minds ; forms of musing without real value. Mind will ever need body to work with ; body cannot be considered without mind. In neither case is the ' man ' taken into account ; of what possible use then are they for the growth of the man ? The real object of Jhāna had, in these, become a lost art.

Men were concerned to have dealings with men. But they did not understand that a man in the next world was the very man who had been on earth, only in a different body. The brahmans of my day taught that man leaves the body during sleep, gets to another world and with waking of the body returns.[112] Now for them man was Ātman, Spirit, Deity, and it was not claimed that, as such a man, he needed another body for his movement, while his earth-body slept. That he could not act without a body, even during sleep, no one knew. That I ever acted with more than one body, I did not then know. The earth still waits to know, and thereby find many of her unexplained problems explained.

Men in my day held that such access-in-Jhāna was possible only to the very ' psychic,'

the very few. Even had I told them all I experienced, they would not always have believed me. And that, as bad for them, would have worried me. You drew attention to this ; none had noticed it.[113]

Monks who were pre-occupied with this one body being an evil thing—you know how they went on about it—were not in a favourable state to consider any other body, its what and its how. That so long as a man was in my Way of the worlds, he needed a body was no more clearly maintained than it is now. Man was too much confused with mind, as he is now. Man could survive, it was believed, as just mind,* and was pictured at death, as mind seeking a new station,*[114] and even imaged (as Māra) as a vapour.

I come back to the Sayings and the matter of their coming to take a fixed form. Men in my day were listeners. When learned they were said to be, not well-read, but to be ' much-heard-ers.' Nothing taught was written. The teachers talked freely, using fixed wordings only when they recited mantras. These were greatly esteemed as such ; nothing else was taught by rote.

We esteemed highly the Veda mantras, albeit this is not told. We honoured the

* *Vinnāna ; thiti.*

hymns in which men revered the Highest they conceived. All religions did so. The sentiment about them was that of many men to-day, who revere the utterances in religious services, though they may be occupied all day over a search for other truths. We did not regard them just like that. For us values in the unseen, in the highest things in life were things necessary, things of the first importance. Our search all day was just in these things. And we felt we had a new valuing in them; we were putting a new value into life, into living. We were not seeking any external Deity; we were looking for the More-than-man in man, not in the sky. We were valuing devas only as good men in another world. Our reverence was for the man who has come-to-be through that Highest who is working in him as what you call will.

Now since the fixed sayings in the Vedas did not help men here, it was for us to make our own Vedas, our own mantras. Else would men not regard us as having a new message on man; not a message on things of matter or of work of mind, but on the very man in relation to the unseen, to the Highest, to the meaning of life.

Not by us only, but among brahmans also

it was coming to be felt, that the Vedas were very old wordings. Our world was outgrowing them and the mantras on sacrifice and ritual. Brahman teachers were bringing forward new views, and were teaching their pupils the repeating of these in fixed wording. This was what we also wished to do. Our world would never heed the teaching, apart from the original utterer, however correctly repeated, unless it was given out in a set form, as were mantras.

This was not for me the chief thing, but it became that for my men. They were concerned with how to remember the sayings we uttered, they wanted a worthy code, a rule for the worthy life, a mandate on the man and the way of him as we taught it. We had a better teaching hereon than the Vedas, and wished to have it well worded and rightly remembered. And they were much concerned with the particular dialect in which it should be worded. You will remember—it is in the Vinaya—how I willed that everywhere men should word our teaching in their own way of speech.[115] The Vedas were in the one tongue, the old tongue, but I willed the message to be in each man's own tongue. This, the 'nirutti,' in each region of India differed a little; the difference was perhaps not greater than it is now. But now there is the book

with its one standard wording. We had not that. The dialects here in Italy are even now still as different, but men are not confused by it, because there is always the book-Italian, and that is taught in every school. North India was like Italy without the book-language. You can compare our differences in the passage on the many words for 'bowl.'[116]

Now one of our men said: More will learn our teaching when there is one word for a thing, not two. But on the other hand what would this lead to? It would lead to my message being a new word for one region only, for just one little world. But I wanted to speak to every world. I wanted my new word to reach over all India, and into other lands also. I wanted the men of the West to hear it. I had a very world-word. I knew that I had no hole and corner word. The MAN, the WAY, the MORE-THAN-MAN—DHAMMA these I willed to have worded in a fixed way, but nothing else. I wanted the very world to feel the WAY. I wanted the whole world to come to know the very MAN. When men learnt what man was they worded me. When men learnt what man is becoming they worded me. When the whole world comes to know that, the whole world will

know it in me. And then you will see how the wording in one tongue is a barrier.

And more : When any teaching is put into a fixed form, be it creed, or catch-word, or phrase of any kind, it becomes to that extent a teaching that is made, done, not growing. The man grows on ; the fixed word stands still.

Do you now see why any of my teaching, as caught and nailed down in a fixed form of a single kind, was distasteful to me ? I wished to have my teaching, in the first place, well understood, and then recorded faithfully as to the meaning, but diversely as to the letter, whether in the wording, or in the tongue.

Instead of this, there is perhaps no teaching that has been so fettered as is mine with the fixed formula, the fixed refrain. This has worried me woefully.

IX

OTHER WOMEN AND MEN WITH ME

I WILL now speak of those other women and men who were with me and of the more helpful. The women had mostly been mothers, and as such could teach the better, knowing our world better. Had we taught in those early days a monastic teaching, this had not been so. But the books do not give as we taught. You can learn more of it from the rock-cut edicts of king Asoka, long after though these were, than just those teachings which came to be the fixed wordings of the books. We taught life in and through the worlds, and how to use it, not how to disuse it.

And one very apt teaching-mother scarcely finds mention : the nun only known in the book as ' the Kajangalā nun.'[117] I knew her as I knew her son and I held her in the high worth shown there. Were I to say more, it would only be laid to your imagination.

Another very worthy mother among the mothers who came in is she of whom you know,

the mother of Vaddha, both of whom have left verses.[118] Vaddha was a not very worthy, impulsive youth, apt to do wild things and subject to epileptic fits (as, you will know, was another youth, Sānu).[119] She warded him well; her verses show that. In the Order she was leader of the women, a very mother among them. She had the healing touch, and healed many who were nervously diseased.

Of the many sad mothers much is worded and not unworthily. There was my kinswoman called Kisā-Gotamī. She had a worthless husband, and lost her child. She was heartbroken. The story of the mustard-seed is true.[120] I wanted her not to pity herself so much; there were so many others. I was heart-stricken for her, and I wanted her to look in her grief to the next world, for I might have got speech with the child. But she was heeding only the earth, and all she treasured there was gone. All I could do was to point to the woes of others, so that she might weep with them. Woeful am I that only one thing I said to her has been recorded! Yet I said much. It will ever be a regret to me that I could not persuade her to seek better comfort. She was a good woman, and that was why I placed the woes of others before her.

Of those other sad mothers, Ubbirī, Patāchārā, Vāsitthī, Ubbirī was another who would not be comforted. She was ever unhappy.[121] Patāchārā was the good wife of a worthy husband.[122] He had been a slave, but he was with good people who set him free. He came to carry on an active trade of importing carpets from Persia. He had to travel in his calling, and her going with him was how the need arose in her case. When he was killed by a snake, and she also lost her two children, I tried to comfort her, but neither would she seek touch with the next world. She had a fear of the unseen. I urged her but she was too nervous.

Vāsitthī[123] was half-sister to Ambapālī; they had the same mother, although in their lives they were so different. Ambapālī's verses[124] bring out well how men cared for the youthful beauty, but not for the 'man' in the man or woman.

The books do not show me, when I was received as a teacher at the house of Ambapālī,[125] as condemning her mode of life. This is not because they held worldly opinions about such women being necessary for life in their world, or any world. It was because the narrative was concerned more with me than with any women. But I told her, that

her life was working harm to both men and women in the worthy life. She herself was no more holding with it when she asked me to come, else she had not asked me. She was meeting my counsels half-way. She was very unhappy. She was already despising those men who met her in their chariots, for their pursuit of her. She had not broken away into a worthier life, but she held her own life a worthless one. And she had a good mother, who wanted her to choose the better way. As to her gift I knew nothing of it. It was made afterwards.

Vāsitthī was a happy mother, till illness broke out and robbed her of her child. She was demented for a time—yes, that is true. I was in very woe for her, and willed her reason to be restored. I spoke of the next world to her, and of how she might come to speak with it. She became willing to try, but for a time she did not succeed and lost hope. Later she did win through and became a happier woman. But she over-worthed me, and in that was not well-balanced, albeit not with the yet worse over-worthing given me later. I was just the elder brother, never more than that. And I ever honoured mothers, but the books do not show it, because the monks who made the books did not honour

mothers. Nor will the world itself worthily honour the mother, till it holds in right worth the Coming-to-be. And that it will not do till it holds in right worth the Will-to-Well. And that it will not do till the next world is believed to be very real, very near. Is there a man, a woman firm in that belief, of him, of her am I the worther, the brother, the son.

And children? Yes, I loved the children, though you had to go to the Commentaries to find anything about that.[126] It was well said of me: 'Suffer me to come to the little children,' when they were in need of a helper. I could tell much of that. But of other notable women I knew on earth, there was Dhammadinnā[127]—she is with us now, and so is Bhaddā of the Kapilas,[128] both very excellent speakers, and the brahminee, mother of that Brahmadeva the monk, the wise woman who was willed not to have material things sacrificed to Brahmā[129]—these I knew and know, and my worthy friend Sumanā also,[130] who ministered to women in poverty or distress, because of their hapless state as widows, or as otherwise forsaken of men. She mothered and shielded them, and only left the world when no place in it was left for herself. As her little verse says, she was needing rest.

Then there was Uppalavannā whom I

judged to be a wise woman. Hers was a woeful past. She had unknowingly been wife where her mother also was wife.[131] I was with her in her sadness. Her verses are better worded in the book of the women's verses than in the Sanyutta.[132] But the verses of Somā are better recorded in the Sanyutta. Somā I held in high regard; her verses on man and woman are excellent.[133] The man, the woman, each is 'the man' in man, in mankind. It is not the wise way to judge them as distinct in their very nature (I speak not of mind or body).

Much also did I esteem two women who were queens: there was Khemā, a name she took when she left the world. It was a way that began among our monks, but it became much more common later. She could converse with the next world as I could. She was the mother of Ajātasattu, of whom more presently, and she was very beautiful. She rated her beauty very highly, and it is true that I spoke of its transience, its withering to her,[134] but I did not use will-power to make her see a lovelier maiden changing to old age, as the Commentary tells. That of which I spoke has become recorded as an actual vision.

And here I may as well correct a passage in the Sāmaññaphala Suttanta, which tells of

the power of a recluse to call up a ' mental body ' like his own body.[135] This in a worthy discourse is a not truly recorded saying. No creation is meant. I never spoke of ' creating ' a mind-body. What I did say was, that the recluse, in his out-of-the-world life, could cultivate, make grow the mind ; he could be working on ideas. Look at the phrase where monks are said to be *manobhāvaniya*[136] : in the way of ' mind-developing ' : that is a little better wording. The men who altered the wording, making the recluse appear as a useless magician, were unworthy editors. They will have been of those who worthed super-will power for and in itself, as ' magic.' Such power may be very genuine, one man being able to do what most men cannot. But to hold it in worth as belonging to what is by some called ' occult,' and not in the way of bringing help is a thing I held in no worth. The mandate of help is the one excuse for it. But this I have said.

The other queen who was my good friend was Maddalī, a wife of Khemā's son, Ajātasattu. I was much worried at his ill-treatment of his father—no, he was not actually starved to death, as the Commentary makes out,[137] but he did not get enough to eat. At heart Ajātasattu respected his father, but

he had evil men about him, who worked on him, for Bimbisāra had not promoted them as they wished. Maddalī ministered to her father-in-law—there the Commentary is right—and I honoured her for it, but I was worried lest she should suffer for it.

At Rājagaha where the court was, people gave women a worthier status than elsewhere, for which I esteemed them. This was true in the case of all women, including the poor and distressed. The warding of these was well seen to; the world in India was on the whole awake to that, as I have said. My aim was to make men see in such worthy deeds the way of safety in the worlds.

Very different yet also very worthy were those other women of verses, Rohinī,[138] Sundarī,[139] and the two Subhās.[140] They were truly nun in spirit. They honoured the monk more than did I. They composed their verses while I was on earth; those of the Subhā who walked in the woods and met the good-for-nothing man, I had recited to me. But there was nothing in them about tearing out an eye, and healing afterwards by me. This was a worthless addition by a later hand.

Isidattā and Sumedhā were not on earth in my day.[141] That is not hard to see. They were much later, as late as the Congress at

Patna. Indeed Sumedhā's verses were, if only in outline, *written*, for the writing of prose and poetry was then beginning. The use of palm leaves was then beginning. They were worthy women, but they were chiefly anxious to be worthy writers. They did not worth the thing so much as the saying of it. Their verses are not very helpful as a 'more-word.' And of these also was Sukkā, who was of my day; she was more of an orator than one who sought first to help.[142] Isidattā had been of the Jains, and her teacher Jinadattā was a Jain. She was a very world-lorn woman, who had not found her right man. Sumedhā had a high regard for Moggalīputta-Tissa, who was foremost at the Council. I tried from the next world to will both her and Isidattā in their poems, but I could neither get Isidattā to turn to the next world, nor could I get Sumedhā to word that world rightly. She would only word it with a very world of the 'Not.'[143]

The woman Bhaddā, who was called Kundalakesī, and had been a Jain ascetic, is rightly recorded in the Commentary as having debated in public with my man, the worthy Sāriputta, albeit the point wherein she confessed him victor and her teacher is sadly misworded.[144] That way of teaching things as a scale of rising

numbers was coming into vogue, and was just to help learners to remember ; you remember the nun of Kajangalā is shown teaching by it.[145] And always the books give the worsened way, which you read of, not our own way. They spoke together of the man (the self) and of the life of him. Sāriputta showed her, that the ' One ' thing to be remembered about man was his being Wayfarer, in a way. *You* could have worded it : ' Man has will.' We could not ; you know, and I have said : we had not the word. We could scarcely word ' he is chooser.' It was as awkward as it is for you to say ' he is *werdend*, becoming.' So we said : man's life is a ' way.' And this was to her a real ' more-word.'

Somehow man will find words for fresh access of will, for ' more will,' even where he had not the really fit word, as you have in just ' will.' You got it as a result of the Aryan world-travelling, not East only, where conditions were less severe, but West. More will became necessary, where immigration was hard, dangerous, in climates that were unfavourable, in regions savage, fierce, hostile. More will was not so desperately called for in Eastward and Southward migration. We of other worlds know what ' more will ' means, as the earth cannot yet know. Will in us

works that which on earth were wholly impossible. Will finds wording according to the world man is occupying. Man has 'more-will,' or he has it not. If he have it, he will come to find the word for it, the fit word, as Kelt and Latin and Teuton have found it. Where more-will is not held in true worth, it will not be fitly worded.

We come again to my men. A word more of two of whom I have spoken. It was a way in my time to link a teacher's name with those of two disciples who had come to be considered as chief (*agga*).[146] It added to the repute of the teacher to have such a pair named. It was an honouring of the way more than of the worth. Of my two, it is not so clear why Sāriputta and Moggallāna, who alone of the two was called 'Great,' came to be called 'chief.' Possibly because both of them left the earth before me, and hence had become saintly *memories* after they left. They too were not truly revered till they had gone.

When Sāriputta left the earth I was a very desolate man, the more so because I had advised him to be alone for a time, the better to converse in musing with the next world. I did not know he was to go so soon. But he had worn his health by those ascetic practices,

and weakened his body even more than had I. He had fears about the men with me, that, although they were tending me well, they would not be so careful of the true as he was. He esteemed Ānanda, but he knew Ānanda was not very wise, and would be too much led by others, worldly men though monks. As a teacher of the younger men Sāriputta was the very helper of me. He was a very cultured brahman and a very lovely worder of what he taught.[147] It was a pupil who brought me word that he had left the earth, and had said, as he was dying, that he would try to speak with me in the musing. He did so, and my woe was much comforted. We have long been together.

Of the other, Moggallāna, I have only this to add: with his great unusual gift of will-power he might have done much to give help to many. As it was, he used it too much to impress men merely, and so to feed his vanity. It was too much in this way that he showed his knowledge of other worlds, instead of teaching men, the world-wayfarers, what it was therein important for them to know. He is shown giving information about the next world, but it is merely material enjoyment that is worded.[111]

The other principal psychic among my men

was my fellow-countryman Anuruddha. That account of his living much (not always) in retreat with his two friends is true. . . . Yes, the grove-keeper only spoke of them as being there for their own good: *atthakāmā*.[148] The books have also preserved one record of the way I used to discuss musing with him.[149] You have written of it. The real worth in musing is as usual not rightly worded, but it goes a little way to show difficulties in working Jhāna. No, the world will not hold you have a proven case of the original object of Jhāna. One day it will see the truth. I was not drawn to Anuruddha only as a fellow-muser. I worthed in him his strong will to *mettā*, that is, your world's 'good-will' towards men. It was a more positive sentiment than Revata's 'not-harming.' You will see presently how I taught it and why. But he had not a strong character, and had the monk's aversion from the world, hence his influence for good was less than it might have been. He was a very worthy maker of verse, as you know, and in them it can be seen how much a knowledge of the next world meant to him. Yet even there the editors have dropped out, or have accepted a dropping out of, the linking up of those worlds with the object of Jhāna. You will see how he says that, 'while

in Jhāna '[150] he comes to know men's wayfaring in other worlds. I have told you of this, the real object of the musing, the object for which I valued it.

Before we leave the book of the verses, I will say a word on a few of the other verse-makers. There is the man Bhūta,[151] whose verses have moved you and many others. The verses were the best thing about him. They are very music, but the man was at heart unworthy. It was not long before he left the Order. Then there was Sumangala, the monk from the peasants, whose nickname you render ' Rags-and-Rice '[152] Neither did he stay with us long. He was quite a worthy fellow, but he had the ever-returning wander-will, and was ever leaving anew. He could hold to nothing long.

Tālaputa is another man whose worth lies chiefly in his verses.[153] The story about the skull-tapping is a foolish fable. His verses are notable as bringing out the worth in growth, in becoming ; besides that, they are good as poetry. But they lack the nobler worth of wording the man and his worthiest ideals. We hear much of a man, but the man is Tālaputa, and Tālaputa is not willing the ' more-well ' in the world. It is his own good he is concerned with. He aspires worthily,

but he lacks the real will; he is playing about.

Of other verse-makers I shall still have a word, but later. Here only a word on the man called Mānava[154]—yes, it was a real name, though it means just 'man,' like your own Carl, Charles. To him are given the little verses elsewhere given to me. To him came the message of age, sickness and death as it came to me, and he paid to it the same heed as did I. He told me of it when he came to me and joined us.

There was yet another verse-maker who likened man's many bodies to houses. Elsewhere these verses are given to me. How this came about I know not. The figure is not unworthy, but I should have more worthily worded the value of the line of houses, as the man's stages and opportunities in the long world-way of growth. It is likely I should have called them tents, as the better word for the wayfarer. For that matter *geha* could mean tent. The tent pitched sees the wayfarer a day nearer home. And I did once myself make a few verses on the wayfarer's tent. But they are lost . . . or shall I try to remember how they ran, and leave you to word them in English metre?

Short the day's faring when the day is done,
But worn the wayman as he counts the miles.
He wills the tent when weary with the way,
He comes with wayworn feet longing for rest.
He wills the further stage nor heeds way done.

O well I worth the pitching of that tent!
O well is me when I can take my rest!
Long have I sought the pitcher of the tent.
Weary am I, worn with the way and spent.
I have him now:—tent-pitcher! here! to me!
Come thou! The night is here. I would lie down.
Long yet before me winds the weary road
I yet would go and travel-worn am I.
I will to get me further on the way
When comes again the dawn. Let me find sleep.

Here you have not the monk, the nun; here you have me. Here you have my will for the way, for the more-way. Here you have the forward view, the faith in the to-come, the value in will, in growth, in progress, in the End in due time. My man is not shrinking from his instrument, the body; he is but tending its needs in the world's work, the world's coming to be, the world's hope, the world's wayfaring, the work done, the work yet in the doing, the work to be done.

X

OTHER WORLDS, MUSING AND THE MOODS

It was a very goodly company I had about me in the midway of my earth-life. And there were worthy men about me as I grew old and my vigour declined. But then as teacher I no longer ranked in their minds as in earlier years. There was growing up among them a 'more-wording' of my message. The Way was not so much in the forefront as at the beginning. It was now made not the centre, but a fourth part, the fourth in the new central teaching of the so-called Four Truths. The Way was still held in much worth, but these became the very world-word, the highest values. And, as is ever the case, the fit word, the fit wording was found. The analysis of 'Ill' was called the 'Truths' (*sacchāni*). And the truths were put into fixed wording as of a healer. Your world has shown this rightly.[155] It was in the healer's way. As was the healer's mandate to discern disease

and prescribe cure, so here the mandate, in the growing influence of the monk, was the discerning everywhere ill, and its arising, its stopping and the means to stop it. Ill and the arrest of it through not-becoming took the place of 'the way through our lives as an ever-becoming.' And the presentment of the doctrine, the 'how,' became even more important than the 'what.' For the monk was 'out' to impress the men of the world, and show how different he was from them.

And more:—as I grew old, the 'man,' without whom my Way was meaningless, was coming to be looked upon more and more as not so much 'not body not mind,' but as not real. The value too in musing was dwindling into a mere shrinkage of sense, an eliminating in mind. And the teaching was already taking on the tendency, which it had not at the beginning, that each man was concerned with his own salvation only. I had tried to teach, that men grew in measure as they had the growth of men, and not of the self only in view. The charge made by some to-day, that in destroying the ego the teaching shows much egoism, is not undeserved. In looking to the welfare of all, the Mahāyāna comes nearer to what I sought than the Hīnayāna. More regard for the whole will, in the long

run, show the better regard for the self. Always am I more truly worded when the work for the many is put as the front of my teaching.

Yet the men of my company were wholehearted in their will to live worthily and to teach the many. They were never belittling the ' man ' in their mandate with the idea that the moral life was anything else than the most important asset to him, as moral agent, both in this world and in the next. They were not teaching wisely about his nature, it is true, yet they were honestly teaching as they understood.

That men and women too who were left us were actually living on in the unseen worlds was firmly believed. But the belief which was waning was that, in musing or Jhāna, there was opportunity of coming to hear of and learn from them.

What is it you ask ? Did I hold the belief, that man could be reborn as animal ? I did not. I am made to speak as if I did,[156] but it is a false record. Many in India did so believe ; such belief belonged to the ignorant uneducated many, not to my fellow-workers. My conception of man's nature did not suffer me to share that belief, nor did my other-world worders suffer me to hold it.

Man was not so akin to the beast as that. It belonged, for us, to the world of fable, and this world was given a fictitious importance later in the retelling as 'birth-story' or Jātaka. More of this later.

It was this want of thoughtful inquiry, together with the growing interest in life on earth as such, that made of such little practical effect the teaching I gave on the 'Dhamma-mirror.'[157] It was a good beginning made by reasonable persons, when they asked of me, who taught that the truth about these things could be known: 'Where have A, B, and C been reborn who have lately died?' But most people who would have run to ask me about them had they gone to Persia, to Ceylon, and I had come thence, did not care to ask of a going so much more general and inevitable. Very unworthy was it to make me say, it wearied, 'hurt' me, were I to be asked such questions. How could it be so? I had ever taught the importance of the other worlds. Never had I taught, that there was any use in the musing save to learn of other worlds from those in them. How could I possibly find wearisome what those good men wanted to know? They were valuing what I valued; they worded as I had liked to word. More worth is theirs for it! The untrue word

has hurt me, who was so willing to tell, if and when I knew. What I really thought is now rightly worded at last! And that is, that the Mirror of the Dhamma—the Mirror of the 'More-worth'—is not belief in the Three*—the creed given in the Sutta—but how to learn the going of man in the worlds. One day the earth will come to see the value in the Mirror. No one till now has shown how very close it is yet to the state of hostility to more knowledge of the worlds. Men are told that faith is the only thing to go by—just as I am here made to say. That knowledge is said to be 'harmful'; the word once put in my mouth is now applied to the inquirer.

Will men who read this think I make too much of these things, when they make so little of them, when the very books of my followers make little more of them? Let them think what the worlds have come to mean to me who have wayfared through them, who now draw near to the long way's end! Was there not once a book written about 'were Jesus to come to Chicago'? Do its readers think he would be the same man whom men once crucified? That the long years would mean nothing for him? We too have

* Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha.

been that long way. We know, and so we speak.

I too had ever before me values in terms of worlds. I had that which for me was very proof, that those worlds were somehow in existence. I saw men not of earth, different as world-dwellers from men of earth. They resembled men of earth, but they were in different conditions—*dhātu* our books call it. Their bodies were not earth-bodies ; they were untouchable by me ; the men could only be seen and heard, and wareness of them more or less felt. They had lively speech ; they were ware of me, but they were not heeding other men of my surroundings. Nor were they seen by others, unless these could experience those other conditions as I could. They were not sensed by others in general. They were holding their own worlds as worthier, and wishing us of earth to be heeding those worlds. But they had no wish, that we should take our earth-life violently to join them. That would be the least likely way to do so.

The way in which the books on my teaching treat of suicide is not my way, for I never in any case commended suicide. The healthy, the worthy man attaches value to life. To value it worthily is not to judge it may be cut short at will. But that it may be right

under very unusual circumstances is a crisis upon which advice wiser than any possible from this world is to be sought, and the men or women who will secure in the future such advice will work benefit to the earth. Commendation will otherwise not greet the suicide at his passing. You know the Saying on the Judge's, Yama's verdict, that it is carelessness, not care over life that entails trouble for the hereafter.[158] Yet so little did my followers grasp the worth I had in the 'man,' that in the books you see the duty of warding life degraded into a wordy overworthing of the suicide. The suicides Vakkali, Godhika, Channa, were clearly not very worthy men. They had yet a long, long way to go. The talk about the mind-smoke is a silly fable.

The worthlessness in the stories would be clear to-day, if men would realize how the teaching on the very 'man' had already grown perverted. Had that teaching been worthy, men would not have worded the value of life as a thing that man could ward, or throw away as he liked. Man is not body or mind, no, he is something worthier than either. He is the very worder of That whence he has come. Woe to him if he despises the nature of That that is lodging in the body!

Who is there in the world who will rightly

word the man? Who will word him, not as body not as mind, not as speaker only, not as creator of ideas only, but as willer, as worther, as seeing ever more worth in a higher Well?

Those men thus clairvoyantly seen were glad that I could see them and pay them regard. They welcomed my wish to have men know them and their worlds. But the men with me were mostly not of my view. They were more concerned with the earth, and with what could be done to improve life upon it. They were willing rather to teach men to lead the better, because the more moral lives. I had the greatest value in their faith. But I had the wider faith, that work in the welfare of earth-life needs the outlook beyond, else it must fall short, it must be void, of sure welfare for the individual. The welfare of the individual was the very thing they claimed to be working for. But for the individual death could come at any moment. What was there to prevent his own welfare being nullified? What makes it worth while to ward the weakest, most defective babe, if his life is to terminate at any moment? If he is a world-citizen, then the care is not lost. It is part of the world-training, not only for the parents, but for him. There has

been the previous passing on, the 'dying,' in the next world; there is the beginning afresh on his return thither. Do not all men look for value to results? But there are no results to the individual when earth-life ceases, unless the individual, the man, passes on, in his process of becoming, with another body.

I hold it as very true, that the worth of the whole will suffer, does suffer, when only the welfare of the whole is regarded, and not also that of the individual. The waste in hope and outlook and energy is tremendous, if it be conceded that, at death of the earth-body, the man ceases, that the care spent on him and by him was to no lasting purpose in his case, that the worth of the one, in face of the many, is not to count.

For me it was the world-way that counted; for me the WAY was the way in the worlds. I held it as worthily worded in the word *sangsāra*. The word is a very byword to Buddhists, and why? Because the monk has degraded it by wrongly insisting, that it is an error to ascribe value to life in other worlds, that the *sugati*, the next life of the worthy, is only to be valued by the layman, that Nibbāna,* the final goal, is to be jumped into

* Pali form of Nirvana.

at death, or before death, by men who are no more in a state of becoming, of growing. But my Way was really and truly *sangsāra*; the way all must go a-wayfaring; *Magga* (or *marga*) is 'how to walk in *sangsāra*.' (As you know, *magga* is 'means,' 'method,' as much as 'way,' 'road.') Fully worded, *Magga* is "the way one *ought* to walk in the way one *must* walk.' *Sangāsra* is just the 'ever-going,' the 'going together,' the 'thorough going.' The word at first used in the books for *Magga*, *patipadā*, is the worthy method, the careful going, the warded walking. It indicates that choice is at work.

All this I taught in my Way-words, it was with me in the front. Men would not think so to judge by the books, for but little has found a place. Yet I taught it often and in many ways. Just here and there you see it. And now that more is rendered into other tongues the fragments will become better known. There is my heartening of Tissa, describing stages in his wayfaring, with the end not yet in sight.[159] There is what I said to the brahman in the parable of the road to Rājagaha; of my being but a way-shower, and of the need in the man so way-shown of will to follow that better way, else were my showing of no avail.[160] And there are the

words Ānanda is recorded as saying, of my new 'showing of the Way,'[161] that flowed into the Goal.[162] I am not saying that the wording is worthy, for it is not; but here at any rate I am shown as standing for the Way, as the man of the Way.

And only that man walks rightly in the Way who sees it as it really is:—the Way of the worlds. Rightly will men see the 'man' when they see him as 'worlds-wayfarer' and not as another. . . . What now? Are the birth-pains on you to write of that? You shall. The earth needs mother-minds. One day she will have her birth-pains herein; not for ever will she sleep.

You know of the two houses on the Way:—that parable has been let survive; thrice is it worded.[163] Two houses each with its door, and the man who has eyes to see noting the folk going in and out of both. It is a very live word, a very true word. Not to one house only does the man who can see attend.

In my day too men listened when I spoke of the Way in the better earth-life, but when I spoke of the Way as 'the beyond,' their interest died down. This is why, in the books, the emphasis on the worlds is so feeble, as compared with what it would be were the

books really the 'Buddha-word.' I worthed the whole way; the repeaters worthed little the whole way. And so men have come to think our teaching was just ethics. The very value in what is called ethics lay for me in man's gradual growth in virtue through the worlds.

Better will become the valuing the worlds, when men learn to begin rightly with the first step therein that lies before each. So long as they think only of the last step, they will not understand. They are then thinking about what they are not in the least fit for as yet, and what they are not really desiring to enter upon. While men are at every stage of becoming, they will naturally and worthily will the next stage in more worth. They can only will the last stage when they are not becoming—when they have become, when they have at long last perfectly fulfilled their real nature, slowly maturing towards the utterly WELL. Yes, you said truly in the little book: Nibbāna was not for the many at any moment. Nibbāna was for the very ripe few. The little men and women have yet a very long way to go. The little men and women were none of them ready for the goal. I was not! They were not! I say not that they were not *arahan*, 'worthy,' but they were not the

utterly well. They were in the Way towards it, but they too had far to go.

Man attaches little value to sudden changes in dealings in the market, or in other courses of action. He tends to mistrust a change of front. He tests such with caution. He waits to see the act making good the word. Why then should the man, when in things most worthy he undergoes a sudden change, be credited with being already and at once what he has only come to see is the more desirable ?

No new light, no new values could suddenly bring about so profound a change as to make them ripe then and there. Mistake me not : I believe in the truth of a new value being often seized suddenly. That which is latent may be ready to unfold. But the new value is not in itself fulfilment. It shows the man what is next *to be done*. It is the carrying out, that is the ' Werden,' the more growth. This is of the whole man, and it takes time. I for instance desired the good of men, yet I was often wrong. I did not rightly understand the limits of those sudden awakenings, that they were but the start in the ' Way how to walk.' Men do not well grasp how very long is the way of growth needed even by the best on earth.

They do not even yet worthily grasp the

idea of growth. This is because they do not value rightly what man is, what his life is. They do not see man as he who through the ages is coming to be. When they rightly get that, they will get what I was trying to teach. I used to speak of man's becoming in words of plant-growth, of the tree's renewal year by year and the life, but where is this in the books ? There is teaching of the way of growth towards the holy (*arahatta*), but it is chiefly valued as a matter of one earth-life only. There was teaching that man is the outcome of long evolution. But this is taught as a mechanical heaping up and taking off, that is of ' karma,' of deed and result. And the taking off, the pulling down is made out as the desirable, the victorious. It is very much the Jain idea of old karma being made to fade out and no new karma take its place.[164] Not till Buddhaghosa's day is man's way likened in so many words to that of the plant,[165] nor even then did he rightly appreciate the worth of the notion. He was too much saturated with the monk's idea of the pulling down as the one thing needful. Man will never learn the lesson of life aright till he sees that ' karma,' as an adding, equating, subtracting, is no fit idea, and that man's way is a becoming in his very nature.

I have said that the worth for me in the teaching of the Way was the worth in faith in the worlds. This worth I learnt through Jhāna. Through Jhāna those worlds, those worlds of living men were made very real to me. They were not so real for the Indian world of my day, even as they are not so real for the world of your day here. Nor will they become more real while men are engrossed in discoveries in matter, and while mind is reckoned to be the very man. Now when to a man there comes a vision in things he holds of highest worth, it will show him those highest values as more real, more true, real and true, that is, in a new way. It shows him that what is the more real, the more true is also the more worthy.

Can you come with me thus far? It is as if you were to say: *x* is true; *x* at a higher power is truer, more accurate. I never again doubted my 'visions,' else had I doubted the very earth. The vision was 'worth' so much to me, because the men I saw and heard valued the things I held in the highest worth. Value in things less worthy was shown by earth. Earth *was* less worthy. The world of the things of more value was my world. My values were in things at 'a higher power.' It was enough. Earth only holds the higher

values as not true, because she sees as truer the things of less value. The more real seems less real. Man's values will ever be less true so long as he is seeking the less true.

I have spoken at length of things arising out of musing, for the age-long aversion from rightly facing and valuing the next world has made me digressive. I have said that in the first half of my teaching-years musing or Jhāna, as leading to converse with devas, had grown in vogue. Solitude and silence were held to be necessary for 'jhāyins,' and you have read in the Vinaya of Dabba's care in providing for them. (His phosphorescent hand of guidance was no myth. It is a not unknown phenomenon.)[166] But when the Vinaya was finally compiled, musing was no more so valued. It was considered as a practice commending the monk to the laity, but its really worthy object had been lost to sight. It was only the preparatory process that was used, as may be seen in the formulas of so-called Rūpa- and Arūpa-jhānas. It is only in the first book of Abhidhamma that a fixed wording of the earlier end in musing may still, as you know, be seen :—'when one makes-to-become a way of access to the Rūpa-world. . . .'[167] Could none of you see here that something had dropped out ? Will

you believe me, that we had among our first fixed wordings a formula stating that such access *was* the end or object of Jhāna?

In the Sayings I have spoken of a fragment or two pointing to that end. Here is another in an old Anguttara list, about the two ways in which one learns to see aright :—the voice 'from the other' (*parato*) and work of mind.[168] Your world should compare with this the other pair in such a list :—the two strengths : computing (as in Sānkhyā teaching, *patisankhāna*) and that 'making to become' explained as Jhāna.[169] In the earth to-day it is only in the musician, the artist, the poet, the interpreting mind, that what is called inspiration, that is, the willed will, is held to be the best way. What thinker, what discoverer waits upon the help of the willers often near, ever ready to help?

Once more, when in the books my dying is recorded, I am made to pass through a series of Jhāna-states.[170] It has seemed to many a quaint insertion. Could such states be perceived by others at my side? Could they help in the passing? Anuruddha might have perceived, but he came after I had gone. Nevertheless when the purpose of Jhāna, practised as men knew I practised it, is discerned, it will be seen that the insertion, for

insertion it was, was to this extent fit: it meant access to the next world. By this you can see, that its real object was not wholly forgotten, at least in connection with myself, else it had not been inserted. As fixed wording it is very much out of place, but then the editors never refer to it save in fixed wording.

That we had by a majority agreed to follow the life of monks was doubtless a source of repute to us among most of the people. Yet it also very possibly hindered us from winning over added and more lasting repute in the person of a noteworthy teacher and his followers of our day. I speak of the man who was then teaching as his very gospel that warding of man by man which, as I have said, was not my central teaching. This man was one Manda—not Kotthita—who had been a brahman, but, like many of my men, had chosen the detached life of a Wanderer (*paribbājaka*). His teaching for the many was what came among us to be called the Brahmavihāras: God-moods, and also the Appamañña's: infinitudes. He did not call them so. He would have said they were his 'dhamma,' his most highly worthed message for the multitude. Those were names with a

fixed wording which came in, when we had already long adopted his teaching, and had come to be credited with it as our own.

Manda had a very worthy mandate for men. But he no more taught with fixed wording or labelled doctrine than I did. He had a following of excellent repute, but he never settled in any place. He moved about till the rains came, and then abode in the rest-houses for Wanderers called Ārāmas. He believed that men might and should develop individually a 'well-will' towards another so urgent and ardent that the willer could transpose his own well-will into another, creating or increasing in him the same state of mind. This might be in one of four ways : friendliness, pity, gladness, poise.[171] It was a way of making a fellowman grow in worth *otherwise than by word or example.* He was not an eloquent speaker. He lived his teaching better than he spoke it. He would be absorbed in willing a man, or men or the very world itself with this lovely good-will, quite lost to the presence of anyone near him.

Manda's name is forgotten ; his teaching in the books of the Order is associated with brahman practice. The Four Moods are understood to be a guarantee of rebirth after earth-life in the Rūpa or Brahmā world.

This is not a true word, nor is it likely to have originated in India : it may have got into the Ceylon tradition, where brahman views were unfamiliar. A brahman as such would never have taught the Moods, for brahmans neither taught nor professed the catholic or universal good-will to all men without barriers as it was therein taught. They could worthily teach morals but not without caste limitations.

Manda's teaching was not known to me when I began to teach, not for long afterwards. I was already an elderly man when he was near me and most vigorous. But when I heard of him, I welcomed his teaching as aiding my own. And he honoured in me the man who held in worth the man as man. I willed him to meet me, but he never did. We might have much helped each other. Men with original messages do not easily meet to work together. They are near yet very far. So it was with Vardhamāna and myself. Such men are jealous for the pure and true teaching of what they have to give. And their disciples are jealous less worthily of their own teacher's repute. Manda was a very independent man and clung to his own way and free wording. When I saw how the men after me altered the spirit of his message, I cannot blame him. So

his name has been lost, and his teaching has been poorly worded and handed on as mine.

Buddhists and the West have been curiously neglectful of the fact, that his ' God-moods ' emerge in the books where and as they do, as not a part of the original message, as not a part of the features of the Way, as not in any way central, as being said not to belong to the ultimate or Nirvana quest,[172] and as wrongly linked with brahman aspirations. Here and there a writer has noticed that the Moods apparently so far-flung in good-will, are really preoccupied with the good of the willer himself. They did not know how in this they are perversions of Manda's teaching, and of the way in which I taught them. Manda's way was the willing of the individual in the first and chief place, not the quarters of the world. He did teach good-will as expanding, but chiefly his was a message of man to man, not to men. That this, in spite of the inadequate formulas my Order drew up, was taken over by us can be seen lingering in the Commentarial writings. And Manda used, not the word ' thought ' (*chitta*), but effort or energy (*viriya*). He only willed the thought in the energy. Then too he never used the word 'suffuse', 'radiate'; (*pharati*),

a word only used to express the pervasion of a man by his own emotions. He used ' make become,' ' cause to be' (*bhāveti*), a word here and there still connected with the Moods in the books.

Some among my followers came to use the Moods-practice as a way of seeking each his own good. It was consistent with the general Hīnayāna tendency. Notably the fourth Mood of poise, which is expounded as pure self-interest. In it the willer is not bidden not to feel the foregoing sentiments, but he is bidden not to feel them overmuch.

Manda perhaps did well not to come and work with us. We might have hindered him. In the first place he would not have approved of a world cleft into monk and layman ; that was a barrier, and he was for none of that. Nor was he feeling drawn to my Order as men. He had the brahman's belief in the very ' man.' His message was not a matter of mind or heart feeling this or that for men , it was the very man sending out will to the very man. And he could not feel that, with the tendency growing in my men to weaken all reality in the ' man,' they would worthily spread his message.

Listen now to a message that comes from

Manda himself, for he and I have long been friends and brothers in other worlds :—

Good-will to all men in all worlds, ay, and to animals too was what I tried to teach. I will it as much as ever, nay, even more. Many women, many mothers were glad of my teaching. Women-disciples taught it well and moved many. It was a mother-gospel. Buddhaghosa showed that long after, but the idea was not his. It was a much older word : that of the mother fostering her four children, her baby more especially, warding with pity her sick child, appreciating her bigger boy's winnings, watching detached, not meddling in, her grown up son's career. She who first worded it was my disciple. She was a mother and she knew. She made of my teaching a mother-message. I used the parable myself. She also made the verses on good-will as likened to the mother's love for her only child, the verse which was taken over by the Gotama Order and placed in the Mettā Sutta.[173] She has remained unknown on earth from then till now, but she is with us.

It was a double blunder to link my teaching with brahman ideas and aspirations, and to limit my expansion of good-will to this world only. It was as a very gospel of the worlds

that I looked upon it. Gotama knew; so did Sāriputta; so did Kotthita.

Lo, now! Let your new world at this late hour do justice to it, to these three, to me!

XI

WORLD WITHIN THE WORLD

I WILL now speak of a kinsman and a gifted man, but one who gave us much worry. This is Devadatta.[174] I will be brief, for it was a sad time. I was at the height of my repute and my men were very kind to me. What I said commanded general respect. Devadatta was worthless in this, that he sought his good only. We cannot grow that way. The better must be sought for all. It is then we know the better when we have regard to all. He had regard for me, but I did not hold him worthy. He worthed me much as that mosquito is worthing you : for the advantage it can get out of you. Devadatta cared for the world's opinion, for repute, standing, honour, as teacher, as worker, as leader, and he sought to get that through me. He wanted to lead, and I knew that if he did, he would ruin our world. I cast him out ; I censured him ; I called him *mukhavādaka,* something like

'mouth-spouter'—no, not the word in the books,* that has got changed—it has puzzled many. It simply meant one who values talk. It was mildly, not coarsely abusive; I was not in a rage in using it.

He had a very bad set about him, men who should never have been in the Order. It had been told me he was conspiring to ruin me. He was in close alliance with his set, and more: he was psychic and could converse with men of the next world. But these were evil men, men who were tempting Ajātasattu to kill his father. This I was told from the next world by Kassapa, the former Helper. Devadatta was a talented man, and I would gladly have had his help, but he was unworthy. He did his best to get my friends on to his side: they would none of him, neither Sāriputta, nor Moggallāna nor any others of influence. I held him in regard when he was not working evil, but I had little faith in his character. It is true that I was twice injured by him, that he tried to wound me, to kill me. As a teacher he imitated my ways, desiring another to carry on, on a given subject, after him.[175] This was in aspiring to replace me as leader. He tried to work harm in disunion. He incited the men who were disposed to be quarrelsome. As a

* *Khelupaka.*

speaker he was very eloquent ; to hear him teach the Way one would think it was his own message. It grieved me that a man could speak so well, yet act as he did. I had to check myself as he spoke, lest I should think too highly of him as just speaker.

It does not belong to my message here to speak further of him, his influence, his work, his fate. I leave the matter.

I do not speak of the king's elephant being set on to me ? Well, it is just a fable built out of the verses in the story. Devadatta never had the beast let loose at me. He could not have tampered with the keepers, as is alleged. He had repute in my Order, but he had no authority in that sphere. The verses belong to the worthy stock of teaching drawn up by the Order to be recited as ' sermons ' on ' uposatha ' days, when people would come to hear religious discourse—as you would say, come on Sundays to church or chapel. Talking about beasts was frequently done ; it was very popular, as it still is to-day. The prose story would come first, then the verse. This elephant story is just another Jātaka, and need call for no further credence than they do. The moral is, that even a beast seeks its welfare in what it does, or does not do ; much more do men. The man who in

the story masters the elephant was made out to be myself much later.

Misunderstanding is all too easy. I would not have it thought that, because I claim no credit belonging to that unnamed man for taming the elephant, I hold the power of will in little worth. He had a degree of—let me again call it ' more-will '—such as few men have, yet it is used by lion-tamers and others every day. Now I hold that, not only will, but more-will is the thing the earth will one day come to hold in greater worth than she has ever held what are called discoveries of mind. Take magnetism, which still awaits man's greater discoveries on it. ' More-will ' will magnetize more than can any magnet. ' More-will ' will be better valued, when will itself is better understood. Among my men it was Moggallāna who had rare more-will. I have spoken, in connection with the teaching of causation, of Kappina. He had that power no less than Moggallāna, but he had not Moggallāna's love of display. He was very modest. Hence the records on him are very worthless. Even the few verses about him which have survived are to be accredited to another ! Kappina was not a maker of verse.

Kappina had a very wide view. He was a seer of the worlds. He taught cause as of

the first importance throughout the whole of man's life, and not here only. Man would grow in his world-wayfaring by the very law of causes and effect. In an earthly sense, he was too unworldly for his world. Like me he was a noble who left his home to seek new knowledge, new truth. Unlike me he was already a ruling prince. The Commentary here so far is correct.[176] Nor did he go alone. As I have said, he was already a teacher of repute, with followers, when he entered the Order, a teacher of nature philosophy and a man of psychic power. He was looked upon as something of a wonderman no less than I was. I was very glad of his coming. He had a very high regard for me, and it is true, that I urged him to teach.[182] He did so, but not willingly. We were teachers of the many; Kappina was a typically learned man, and preferred to associate with the few. He was very intellectual and held in little worth the regard of, the care for the many. He was a great muser, and preferred those monks who were musers. It was rather the repute of his learning when teaching, than any zeal he showed therein, which led to his figuring in the Etad-agga list as 'chief monk-admonisher.'[177] Nor did he admonish much; it is not well worded. He was not long on earth.

But while he was in the Order he became induced to join a set which grew up (as did others) within it. Just now I spoke of them as the Mundakas. These were recluses in a special sense : they sought entire freedom from ties of any kind. *Mutti* was their worth-word—slogan, you now say. No, this does not mean that they had been Jains—that this freedom was a spiritual, or metaphysical conception. It opposed the mandate of the Order that the people, the many, were worth helping. It was not only a leaving the world, but nursing a hostility towards it. Worldlorn, they despised the world. The *mutti*—it became later *vimutti*—in which they gloried was riddance of social ties into the world of the monk, a life which properly regarded is itself full of ties, some of them very worthy ones. You know how this riddance from ties comes to the front in some of the verses, especially women's verses. There were nuns in this set, and their value in this freedom was commended by the men. It was to this set that our teaching owes the term ' fetters ' (*sangyojana*), a worthy word in a moral sense, if not so in theirs.

But there is nothing in the records about this movement within the movement, you will say. Well, but that happens in such

records, no less than the dropping out of a man's name. Take another case, that in which we have the name once and nothing else, the name Gotamakas.[178] Your husband puzzled over it ; nor do you know. These Gotamites were our earliest Protestants, men who were dissatisfied with the way in which Gotama's message, my message, was not any more made the very heart of the teaching in the monk-world of the church or Sangha. The Gotamakas are as forgotten now as if they had never protested. Their name liveth—that is all. But just so a century or so hence, such a body as your Christadelphians—the Jesus-brotherites—will no longer survive, save in some forgotten page. Yet in their name is the very heart of the message of Jesus. Another puzzling survival of a name only you have seen in the Mahādevakas or, as your recension reads, the Devadhammikas. These were they who would have retained, in our doctrines, the worship of the Greater Devas, of God or Gods. This was another movement within our movement, which also only survived for a time. Both were after my day.

I much appreciated those inner movements, in so far as they showed earnestness and independent will in the men within the monk-world. But I had not much sympathy with

what I would call the 'more-monk-world.' You will have seen that I was not the very monk. Let me not be misunderstood. Life in this world, where so much is very evil, cannot be at its best when a man cannot withdraw from it for a time, when quiet is needed. On the other hand, monk-life is only good *if it alone* can give that opportunity for quiet. Quiet gives opportunity for rest, for musing in getting access to worlds, for developing ideas, for expressing ideas, for meditation, for deepening conception, for all the worthier valuing which must have undisturbed, unclaimed energy. For these things I valued monk-life; and so did my men. We had great respect for monks who so made use of those ways. But the majority valued monk-life more for the advantages I brought forward in the Saying of the Sāmaññaphala.[179] The world's respect, the shelter, the rest from toil and worry. The king would not have appreciated the worthier, higher advantages, and I had taken the measure of the king. I did not myself value the worldly 'fruits,' but most of the monks did. But then I did not esteem the monks as a whole as such. They had but little worth in the man. Man's mind they worthed much; his body they underworthed. Now man does not grow

healthily when he, the very man, is not rightly estimated. And it is as grower that he should be estimated. Grower is he, becomer, 'werdend,' more-willer, self-director, not much to be directed by others, valuing the better, aiming at his 'good,' his 'well.'

It was not that I thought highly of the world in North India. Often it seemed as if a man could not live worthily in it. But one thing in it there was: man was rated as man, as the whole man, not as a fractional man. Men of the world did not reckon man as mind, nor did they despise the body. They reckoned these in as natural ways of the man, placing no special value on man submitting to an artificial pruning in his development. In their world was no mandate of the monk, saying: I am the worthier man than you. They respect his worthiness in religion, but in no other way. They had the conviction that a man is worthy in so far as he wills his best and tries to carry it into effect. They set no greater store by a man, because he was a pessimist, making much of the ills of the world. They valued things in terms of happiness; they were not valuers in woe.

I too measured things in terms of happiness. I looked to the happiness in things. I worked for the growth of it in the world. It was more-

well in much well, that I willed, not less ill in the much ill. The man who thus measures the 'well' will not be the miserable man. The woman who looks to the 'more-well' will herself be more well, not ever sad. I want men to be contemplating the more-well of the world, not its worthlessness. Man cannot grow when he is ever dwelling on ill. He cannot thrive when he is overworthing woe. Sorrow is visible enough; much with us; we need to be fighting it, not brooding on it. I was, I have said already, a very happy man. Even the books allow that I said as much. 'No man in the world is happier than I.'[111] I wanted happiness about me; I wanted to spread it. The want of the woeful man was the worthless wishing that his woe might be fed. He had an over-rating of grief. Grief values the lost, the undone, the excess, the not to be made good. Happiness values what one has, what is done, what is to be done, what is to be mended, to be valued, the better, the 'werden,' the 'well.' Man will not get well till he judges that he has the 'well' in himself to be fostered as something coming to be, not yet known, but to be known.

The books tell next to nothing of this. They are estimates of ill. Such an estimate,

known as the formula of 'things arising because of' testifies to this. It makes use of the new word of my day in causal uniformity to show only the way in which 'ill' arises. Once and once only is the arising of a worthy joy made into a formula, as you know[181]—how from faith comes joy, from joy rapture, from rapture serenity, from serenity happiness, from happiness concentration, from concentration insight and knowledge into things as they really are. This is much more the way in which I should have worded, had there been such a fixed wording of a causal nature made while I was on earth. There was not. It was made later. My men were tending that way when I was old, but the seal of the fixed wording was not set on 'Ill' till the monk Kassapa, called later 'Great,' became a leading influence.

He did much harm with his ascetic values. He was very self-willed—you know that from the books—I had no influence over him. He did not make his life happy as it should have been. He had an excellent wife, but they decided to separate and lead the monk life. It was a trouble to me that they did so. They might have done more good as laymen, as Visākhā did, for they were in a very high position. Worthy and gifted though they

were, they saw the world as just ill, and my Order as the only way out of it.

No, I do but justly value the wording in the books when I say they are over-raters of the woes of the world. They have faith in 'well,' but only as a not-ill, only to be realized, when neither body nor mind remains. This is true of the consummation of the 'Well,' which men cannot yet understand, but it is not true of the way in which we should estimate the 'Well' now. This, the 'better,' would grow not a little, if man would learn that the Better is with them as they wayfare. Men have now, each of them, the 'well' they are fitted for, not the 'well' they will be fit for. They have *now* 'more-well,' they have it now *if they will*. What they most need is more-will to more-well. This is true; this is what I would now bid them; this is my message to them.

XII

THE LAITY AND I

I WAS thus a monk, yet not a monk, a teacher who only wore the monk's robe because he had to. Men were very glad at the regard I showed for their home-life, at the interest I took in their work, in their opinions, at the sympathy I showed them. They were impressed by my sincere will for their welfare. They felt that in me they were dealing with the man, and not with the monk. They felt that, in me, they had one who valued their world and life from their own better standpoints, and not from the artificial standpoint of an inner retreat-world. They were somewhat as children needing the mother to share in and guide their own views.

Man's view of life, when it is not sophisticated by outworn mandates of the past, is still largely a child's view. Child-vision is wise in many ways. He values naturally, not artificially, not with the vision of tradition, into which he is gradually submerged. His

values are in terms of the whole, in world-words. When he says ' man,' he means doer, valuer, warder. I was the very lover of his mind's frank, direct ways. I valued and I worded man as does the child. I worded him as the man (*puggala*), as the very self (*attan*). It was the man or self in them I bade those nobles seek, as I have reminded you, rather than stolen things or the stealer as such.

I liked the nobles just because they had so much of this child-candour in their values. They were little spoilt by word-standards, by the standards of the word-men. When they regarded me, it was with something of the child's judgment. If they called me teacher, it was because I helped them, it was not because I made them learned. It was the ' man ' in me that they regarded. This is the regard all need to exercise. I liked too their regard of the mother in the woman. For the mother-regard is the ' man '-regard. The true ' man ' is the mother of the ' man.' And they loved the child and the home and the work in the world : all of these more than they loved the monk.

The monk did not so regard the man ; it was only those helpers they came to call Buddhas with whom they credited that

mother-will. The monk did not so regard the woman. Mother for him meant a home discredited as such. The monk did not regard the little people in the home as wayfarers in the great Way of becoming no less than was he. Has it not seemed to anyone, Buddhists and non-Buddhists, strange, that a world-religion based on morals should have had prescribed in it a moral code—the ' five sīlas ' —where there is warding against strong drink, yet no warding of parents by children, let alone of children by parents ? We have yet to find a religious code enjoining the care of children, albeit children have often enough woefully needed such, victims of condoned infanticide or sacrifices in worthless cults. Warding of parents is, it is true, enjoined in the Buddhist sayings, yet it is too often in the way of self-interest. But that it should be left out from a central code like the sīlas points to this as the work of men for whom the home was the ' lower life.'

The monastic world held in worth the not-man, the not-home, the not-work, the not-ill, the not-becoming. The man of whom all these negatives could be said was alone called the ' worthy.' He was held fit, he alone, to receive offerings. The men and women of the world were good enough to live and work

to maintain him, and became alone worthy in doing so.

Yet the monk prevailed—why was that? The monk-world was pre-eminently a world of will. It was a world that was determined to make its standards of what it held most worthy known before men, no matter at what cost. Now men respect what they have not will or energy enough to do themselves. Will exercised on what men regard with respect lends more-worth to it. Men exercise a vicarious will in it. They are infected by the stronger will of the more determined section. They may be misled as to the wisdom and truth in the cause so strongly willed. They become led by the men of stronger will. So the laity in India came to will society to be largely dominated by the monk, even while the majority abstained from becoming monks. They left the leadership herein to others, the while they respected those others for doing what they did not will to do themselves. For the world at heart respects the work and the worker. It did not respect me much when I was old, because I could no longer work; nor was it herein so very unwise. My work was done; I had no longer a 'more-word.'

A man may carry on his word, his work that once was new till he is old; he may per-

sist in what for him is the wonted, the usual; none the less it is the unusual, the unwonted to which the world will attend. Somewhere, somehow it will be paying fresh attention, it will be holding something in 'more-worth.' And, more, it will be the more readily drawn by the better speaker (or better writer). I was none of these. For many years had I taught. I had brought to my world my mandate of the WAY, and all that was implied in that. I had dared to speak on the more-worth in woman, in the child, in the very man in the musing for reaching other worlds, in the world-law of cause. My little world had heard all this. And it had gone on to attend to the monk, his world and his outlook. The monk interested that world's new generation. The monk was considered a wonderful man. He could dare to do without what most men wanted. He could do without what worthy men wanted. He did not care for what they cared much for. This gave him power, power to stand outside the way of the world. He was not worthy in holding the world to be unworthy of his sharing in its work, his warding, whether it sought him or not. But the world respected him while it wondered.

Now I was outside the monk's outsideness. It is true that I was with the monk's outside-

ness in daring, in putting aside worldly standards, earthly ends as the end of the WAY, in holding as most worthy that which was not of this world. But in the monk's outsideness to the needs of the world—there I was not with him. In the stream of those needs was I ; I was a very swimmer in it. I held it to my heart ; I needed a word for it ; I needed to work in it ; I gloried to be working for it.

I cared so much for the lives and needs of those men, women and children in the world-stream, how much the earth to-day cannot know. I was often with them, in their homes, in their meeting-halls, at their work. But so much of all this has, as I have come to see, been dropped out in the later editing. The little that remains but ill shows it—the talks with Visākhā, with the Kosala king, with Sigāla and a few more. The repeaters and editors did not care for these. As a rule they did not go on repeating these sayings. I urged them to do so, but they were unwilling. They said, ' But these are not persons of our world. They are only laymen. They have not the right wisdom. They will not have listened wisely.' I was vexed at this complacency in monk-superiority. I knew they had no right to it ; I knew that very many of them were in their life in no way superior.

They had not the touchstone of worth :— they had not the will to the more-well of all men. The laity esteemed them, but they did not esteem the laity.

That I did not share their complacency is fairly well shown in the saying known as Sigālovāda, albeit the version is not wholly true. There is an absence in it of any feeling of superiority of monk over layman. But it has been much edited. There was no bowing of Sigāla in six directions as is stated. There was no such cult. You do not find it in any brahman or other rites. The rite was just invented much later by the repeaters, who wanted to have some futile ritual to oppose to the six kinds of relations, in which a layman stood to the world. These are true enough. They are ways of world-life conformed to by a respectable man. They were not any of the numbered categories in our teaching, for then *I* should not have used them in teaching. I never taught in that way. You are right. I should never have spoken to men with the numbered heads of a sermon. The value in these is that the preacher is giving some one else's ideas. But a man's own messages do not occur in sets.

The Sigāla Saying is much valued now. Why is that ? Because the others are nearly

all of them lost. Many I gave, and in the early years they were repeated, for recitation. They were mainly addressed to the men of the market. And very worthy advice they gave. They are in the same vein as the Sigāla, and they would, had they been preserved, have gone far to alter the world's estimate of Buddhism. They touch the man not only in the life of the market, but also in that of the home, the farm, wayfaring, in nature, in citizenship, in government, in education, in things penal and fiscal, and not least in the WAY as man's life :—man as wayfarer and pilgrim. Much was there on the man, little on the monk. But the later books are all of them by the monk and for monks. Save only the Milinda.[185]

The Milinda too is by a monk, who is made, in wordy debates, more usually, though not always, to get the better of his lay pupil the king. But then it was a very courtly book, written in a very courtly way, to test the king's wisdom, as that of a very accomplished man. Its primary object was not to be a live word on the worth of ' the man.' It was not a book giving a new, a very Message, as were the older books, however much these were edited. It is true that there is much talk on mind and body, but the man, the user of these, is not

worthily expressed. Yet it is the Milinda valuation of him that is now the accepted Buddhist valuation. You were right ; when men want to get something a little more definite on that valuation of man in the things unseen, in rebirth, in the man as having no ultimate reality, they leave the old books and take their Milinda. Why ? Because the old books are felt to be imperfect. They have left a very halting fragmentary message about what or how man is. Readers now find that the treatment of the man is inadequate, and turn to the later book. When the Milinda was written, men looked to the values of their own time and place. And these had accepted the negative wordings of the monks, and on them had framed the more explicit dogmas of their day. This advance in the doctrines of the Milinda is a striking proof, that its age was feeling the imperfect state in which the monks had left the teaching. That teaching was felt to be unsatisfactory when the man and the way of him was under discussion.

The book, I know, has puzzled many in its history. I will say this much. The first part was written when Menander actually reigned in Bactria. That was after the wars which ensued on the Alexandrian invasion, before Kanishka's time. I knew of its being written.

It will never be rightly judged till the courtly character of it is taken into consideration. The book was then added to, piecemeal, down to the reign of Kanishka, by whom it was much appreciated.

XIII

LATTER YEARS

The influence of the monk in my world did not attain great importance till I was quite an old man. It was then that his mandate came to be a real power. The respect accorded to such a monk-man as Mahā-Kassapa betrays this. I now speak of those days when I was old, and when the respect paid me was not what it had been. Always in the Order the monk had been respected, but now the men in whom the chief authority was vested were those who were not just monks in order to be teachers, but very recluses, world-haters, worldlorn men. The respect now paid me was such as men give to a very worthy, but not a very wise man. It was not other than such as is given to many a man at all times who in his prime has been much honoured. It was all very natural, and I was not worried about it. The people who read of me, who write about me forget this. They think that I suffered no abatement in influence and power

during all the many years of my mission. The reverence paid me as a sort of wonder-being was not till later. The respect shown to the monk had first to magnify the Order, then the man who founded the Order. Last of all arose the reverence paid to the ' Word.' As to the names by which these three are now known, ' Buddha,' ' Dhamma,' ' Sangha,' they came into use only when that took place. In my day the words used were ' Satthar ' (teacher),* ' Vachana '† (word), ' Manussā ' (men).‡ We never thought of calling all who followed our teaching ' Sangha ' ; that is properly a word for the company of the monks only, albeit it is stretched to include the laity thrown in, as it were.

The Word, the teaching, was made to pay great respect to the monk the world-forsaker, because it was by this regard for world-woe that the Order maintained its prestige among the laity. And this prestige was of the utmost importance, else how was the monk to live ? The greater the prestige, the greater the vogue in monasticism. The greater the monk-vogue, the more the laity gave. The more the laity gave, the more men flocked into the Order.

* This is often used throughout the Scriptures. Often rendered by me Master.

† Pronounce Vacchana.

‡ Often used in compound with *devā*, men of other worlds.

So the circle in worth went round about the monk. But not about me.

After those many years the men with me were not they who had been with me from the beginning. There were a few exceptions. Is it Rāhula, my son, that you ask for ? The books do not report him rightly, save in this, that they do not speak of him as with us then. Rāhula had left us. He was no monk at heart ; he was with me there. But his standards were worldly ; he had little worth for the man as such. He had been a good lad to follow me ; he was then old for his years. But we were too unworldly for his ambitions. I had many talks with him, and had fain seen him become a worthy teacher, for he had great gifts as speaker. But he was not a truth-speaker, cost truth-speaking what it might. It was an earnest, an urgent talk—that about lying deliberately, the talk that found mention in the Asoka Edicts—he would speak things not true to gain effect. I did not move him much. He left the Order after many years, when I was old and losing weight as its leader. He went home, but he made no way there, for his place, as I have said, had been filled up.

Ānanda and Kassapa, called later Mahā Kassapa, had been with me for many years.

They and my Order generally looked to Kassapa as a very leader among the monks. I valued him for his earnestness, but not for his very monkish will. The talk I had with him given in the Sayings[186] did happen: where he was not willing to come and be near me in the end. I appreciated him for his strength of resolve, for he was very sad to go. But he was dwelling with his monk-following in the forest, while I was in the settlement at Sāvatthi. I was too old and feeble for the forest life, even had I preferred it. The huts (*kuti*'s) were little detached '*vihāras*'; a more comfortable one made of fragrant wood, the Gandhakuti, had been fitted up for me, and Ānanda was an excellent warder, as you know.[187] It was a very worthy settlement, and I only needed more strength to be a very happy man.

Ānanda was, as is known, my cousin, son of Mahāmatta, my father's brother. He had a very pleasant manner and was a very likeable man. I too liked his worthiness, but not his mind. His will was not very worthy; it ran too much on worldly things. Women liked him, for he was very courteous to them, and for that I liked him. I did not reciprocate his courtesies; I had none too much patience with worldly leanings, and at times I spoke

roughly to him. More worth is his for his patience and courtesy.

In the verses accredited to Ānanda[187] it is worthily said what I was to my men :— comrade and friend. The men of the later days are less worthily recorded. There should have been many more verses, and even the few lines are not all Ānanda's in substance. Ānanda listened one day when I was speaking with him in a sad mood of my first men and my message, and of the newer generation and its views. He turned this talk into verse. But only one stanza has survived, whether the fault was his or others, I say not. As to my feeling 'like a bird in the rains,' that I did not say. It does not seem to have struck scholars, that the verses are unlikely to have been spoken by a man like Ānanda, who, even if he was a little looked down upon till I left, came into very great repute in the Order from the time of the first council. For a man fond of men's good opinion as he was, the 'new men' must have 'suited him'* very well. But for me the case was different.

I was saying, how the men of the day were worthy, but were not my men :—how they were no more holding up the 'man' in men,

* 'The new men suit me not at all.' Verses ascribed to Ānanda. *Theragāthā.*

but the monk; how they were anxious for the approval of the world for all that, and because of that; how they cared no more for my teaching on the worlds; how they were making my WAY a way of ceasing to become. Had he faithfully worded and preserved my talk, it would in your tongue read something like this:—

The men of the day that is past, they now are gone.
The new men are not in accord with me.
When weighty things are said they listen not.
When the Man speaks they give him no esteem.
They are in no wise wording what I word.
They are not telling men the things men need.
Lip-worders are they; word in heart is not.
A worthy teacher have they yet in me,
Yet do they no more take me as their guide.
A very lonely world it is become!
No message now is giving light to men.
The word of worth on other worlds is gone.
No one is left to ward wayfarers now.
More is the honour to my person paid,
More to the men I honoured and have lost,
But no more honour to the things we said.
The monk now seeks the suffrage of the world,
And honouring the monk the world will live
Till, for the thing the monk will come to be,
The world revolting will no more of him,
And all he now is winning dies away.
The monks have never really worthed the Way;
The newer men will never worth it now.
The world will ever worth the Way, the Life,
Becoming, feeling after worlds unseen.
These are the things men need to take to heart!
These are the things the world will seek to know!
These are the things teachers should hold in worth!
These are the newer values in the word I gave.

Upāli was a man held in no less repute than Ānanda when I was old. He was the Jain with whom I am recorded as having a debate.[188] He had left the Jains, of whom he had been an eminent member. He had no very high opinion of Ānanda, whom he judged to be too worldly. In his own way he was worldly enough ; the laity looked upon him as the mainstay of a dignified and self-respecting standard in the monk-world. He attached great importance to discipline, and made an orderly system of the ' Vinaya.' It was he, not I, who decided in many cases needing a new ruling, where this is recorded of me. (Many of such rulings, it is true, are of a much later date.) Upāli respected me, but not as a manager. He had a very worthy set about him, but they were men absorbed in monk-life, and not paying me much attention. They paid much more attention to their lay-patrons, through whom they had to live, who were their warders in material things. They were especially heeding the rich. They were not warding the ' man ' in men's lives. They considered a man more as the member of a society, than as a human being.

No, the three verses in the collection were not by this Upāli. He was not a poet. Nor are they by the Upāli called the barber.

They are by an Upāli of whom no memory remains; the Commentary is in double error here.

These were among those men who stood foremost in the Order in my old age. There were others whose names are now lost. And there were others like the man with the curious name Purāna, who knew of the Council, and of whom the Council knew, but who preferred their own records of our sayings.[189] 'Purāna' was a good man who had been very devoted to me. You will not be surprised at this, when you hear who he actually was. But leave the name unwritten. It had got lost in the records and Purāna was inserted as meaning just the Ancient One, the Man of Old, as it now stands in the Vinaya. He had no high esteem for the men about me at the end. He would not come into contact with them. He told me they were hardly the men to teach my message worthily. He left me with my full consent. He carried on my teaching all his life, but when he was gone, his community worsened, and ceased to be of any good. It was a benighted rough region in the Deccan where he worked, and so far from seeing the importance of the good life in man's wayfaring through the

worlds, the people there thought there lay more efficacy in magic, in rites, in sacrifices, in the mantras and the mantra-speaker. I had great sympathy with his upward efforts among them.

XIV

THE FIXED WORDINGS

I WILL now speak of where, in my latter years, the work of collecting, repeating with collation and revising the many ' sayings,' uttered at different times in different places, went on. The chief purpose of this was not to form the ' books,' which are of a much later date, but to make collections of sayings and to present leading teachings in a fixed wording. This was at the capital city of my country of Kosala, Sāvatthi. There were not only monks among the many there engaged in study. It was becoming another Taxilā, a very university. Of the scores and scores of sayings there were repeaters, each holding in memory some one collection of them, and conducting a school of pupils learning to be repeaters. Repeaters of sayings learnt in different vihāras would come to Sāvatthi, and there learn the one way of wording their saying or sayings which had there come to be accepted as the correct way. It was a very

world of word-men, and the work went on always. And you were not wrong in saying that there was a very *nidhāna* there—a deposit or store of visible teaching, both in repeaters and in metal plates. The latter contained 'uddesas,' or heads of sayings, inscribed not easily but with some toil on the thin metal with a punching style. These heads are very visible in some of the sayings, as you know.[190]

The expanding of these heads into what is known as a Sutta—a word we did not use—or poem, in a fixed, standardized, orthodox form was settled by certain among my men at Sāvatthi, whose names have not come down to you. Without books, without the means of taking full notes, and so comparing visibly, and not by ear only, the many variations in repeaters' versions, was a very complicated and wearing task. It needed men with the will to drive, the enthusiasm to inspire to bring the work on what is called Vinaya and Dhamma to a form so far settled, that much of their present contents could be chanted at Rājagaha after I left. And I greatly esteem their persistence.

Where I do not esteem them is, that their one sole aim was not, as it should have been, to give a true wording of my teaching. They

worked far too independently of me. For there was still time ; I was still there. But they wanted to say as, or what I did not want them to say ; and they knew this.

Of this work a man who had long been with me was in those latter years the supervisor. His name has been utterly forgotten, but his work remains, for your world must see, that those doctrines in fixed form must have been the work of individuals with some one person or persons in authority. I will you to write him down again as Manthita. He was now also getting old, and he had long been much concerned with getting sayings into fixed wordings ; but it was at Sāvatthi that his activity over formulas was finding general acceptance. It was there that were drawn up his formulas of the Way as eightfold, the four Truths, of mind and body as fivefold, the four Watchfulnesses, the five Faculties, the five Strengths, the seven Wisdom-elements and that other worthlessly worded estimate of the Way as eightfold (in Path and Fruit) when considered under the aspect (under which it should always have been considered) of man as wayfarer in the worlds.

Manthita also put into fixed form a fourfold set of exercises that came to be known as the Iddhipādas, stages in the development

of *viriya* or energy, which I have been calling 'more-will.' This was held in much worth in India; it is so still. They who have written on Buddhism have not acted truly or wisely in neglecting comment on it, as they have done. The world has ceased to regard such development seriously; one day it will do so again. That will be when at length the will is worthily estimated; then that 'more-will' will be considered with greater intelligence.

For to use *iddhi*, or superwill—morewill, I prefer to say—is a very high mandate within the power of very few. In it those few on earth wield what, in worthier worlds, all can wield. There to use it for any end but that of man's 'more-well' is unthought of. Even so should be its use on earth. By it man may very surely be helped. By it have the messengers of new mandates to earth been more readily accepted as teachers. By it will the next messenger strengthen the wording of his message. In his heart will be man's greater welfare, and to that end alone will he use morewill. Such was in my heart and so did I use it. It is a most holy trust.

In Manthita's wording *iddhi* was divided into four heads, according as a man attended chiefly to: (1) the word or mantra, (2) the energy put forth, (3) a leading idea, (4) the

working mind. From what you tell me, your books give them differently, as : (1) *chanda* (intention or desire), (2) energy or effort, (3) mind, (4) willed thought (*vīmangsā*). How those changes came in I know not ; that will have been later. *Chanda*, as you know, has the other meaning of metric speech, ' mantra.' And this is clearly the reasonable sense to give it here, else the first two stages become identical. You see how, in the Abhidhamma treatment of the Four Heads, is given a shifted definition, and you have puzzled over the formulas as they are, as no doubt others have puzzled too. It is only when the way in which the books were compiled becomes duly taken into account, that they will be justly appraised for the patchwork that they are. The same way of values, in the other formula of ordered thinking called the four ' *satipatthānas*,' has, as two of its stages, ' ideas ' and ' mind,' brought in the same two ideas here, where the training has a somewhat, but not wholly different emphasis. And it will not be a true picture of my teaching, if the training in *iddhi* is passed over.

Manthita was not a very good worder. He was apt at giving a mandate, but he leaned to wordy ways in his mandating. He brought his four formulas to me. I did not approve ;

I told him so. I told him what I thought better. It was like this : ' Man should train himself in the *chanda* (the *gāthā*) ; in it he adds weight to the matter concerning which he would strive. Man should train himself with *viriya* ; by it he makes the effort to reach the good, to stop the ill ; to make the good endure, to prevent the ill from arising. Man should train himself in the idea ; in it he pictures the good and its enduring. Man should train himself in thinking ; with that he works how to do what is good, not do what is bad.

Manthita said : ' Very well, I will alter my wording as you wish.' ' Manthita,' I said, ' alter it now ! Once your wording is given out, it will be too late.' But he did not, and so you have the less worthy wording, on which your still less worthy wording is based. My will was to have him draw up a useful wording for Everyman. The special development of ' more-will,' or will extraordinary in the few was not in my mind when I was speaking thus to him. But he wanted a scheme for the few. And it is because the few were much regarding *iddhi*, or abnormal will, that the formula, corrupt as it is, should not be passed over.

He also made out that imperfect list, the

so-called Etad-agga, or 'best as to that' Saying, namely, that such and such a monk or nun, layman or laywoman was most to be commended for this or that. I was very willing that merit should be given where it was due, and I approved of the making such a list. I held no formal ceremony of commendation, as the Commentaries suggest. Most of those whom he included were then no longer on earth. The matter was not well managed; the mention was not adequate, where the act itself of fitting remembrance of the more worthy of us was very much to be commended. I warned him he might be leaving out many who merited attention. He drew up a list and showed it me.

Do you query whether it was written? Well, but we did write our memoranda, or anything requiring but few words. We had not handy materials for writing at length; your husband and others were right as to that. This written, this metal-punched list was but a string of names and gifts or virtues.

I saw it and was not satisfied. I asked of certain very worthy women in it whom he had left out, such as Somā. He replied: One could hardly give so much place to women. (It is true that the monks would be expecting to see women recognized, but to a very small

extent. It was ever a grudging worth that was given them.) I said: Why not? He replied: They have not the intellect of men. I said: I find they have a worthier intellect than men, for they value the things that matter more than do men. He admitted that women were the chief friends of religion, nevertheless he did not alter his list. See you not how little men regarded me then as compared with the later attitude towards me?

I took a great interest in all the work of the wording at Sāvatthi, but it was when I was old, and I was no more the active man I had been. I was no more the worthy speaker of past years. I was within the world of the workers, yet they went their own way, and were not anxious to consult me. They well knew I differed from them in this or that. But even when I gave my wording, they displaced it, as I have shown you, by their own. And when I asked how they had worded this or that, they did not always give me a faithful account. Monks were by this time the real leaders, and they would bring in their view, their will, their influence, whatever I did. I did not share their corporate view, and they knew it. Within their own mandate—that of worldworn folk—their wording was worthy. But I wanted to see them wording a mandate

for the folk at work in the world. They did word this—just a little. I warned them: 'If you will not word anything for these, you will lose me!' It was then that they yielded so far as to word the Sigālovāda-suttanta. I saved that from oblivion. They were for letting it go with so many others for laymen. One saying I much wished to save: to the men of the market at Vesāli, a worthy discourse it was, on just the duties of that world where the monks could not come. So they would not preserve it. Over and above that one discourse to Sigāla only a few crumbs of counsel to persons in the laity are recorded; a few talks with the king of Kosala,[191] a talk with Visākhā,[192] a few talks with village headmen, with skilled craftsmen, with burgesses, nobles or brahmans. But my will was not heeded. I said: 'That, and that, is to be included,' but I was not heeded.

I grew in the long run much displeased. I was very hurt. I left Sāvatthi. I was now very old, yet I went on that last tour alone with only Ānanda waiting on me. The book, I hear, tells you I went 'with a great company of monks.' I did not. Reading attentively, men could see that for themselves—see that this has been put in later, for it had placed the Order in a strange position, the very

position in which I did place them. I had been made a very miserable man. My monks were good warders of me and good men, but in the end I was very monkridden. Ever it was the monk who was the very 'worthy,' the arahan, the deserving, the meritorious; the layman was held to be the world of the 'low things,' the supporter only of the merit of the monk. I was very weary of this. My sympathies were with the man who wards the world in the world. For that I honoured him the more of the two. Yet all these ages I have been represented as the monk-man in chief—I, I who left the monks because they held the monk as chief! I was woeful; I was miserable; I had a world-message, yet I was powerless.

I was full of good will to teach people for the last time, and so I did. The books bear witness that I did address the villages on that last weary tour. But they record it as a talk, always the same (!) on virtue, on *samādhi* (meditation and musing) and on wisdom! That was the cruellest blow of all, for at each place I spoke of the WAY, and I worded it differently every time. The people welcomed me and attended to my words, for it was a very old man who had come to see them caring for them. And I went on and I

was coming back again comforted to think I had once more taught that which was my very message. But later, when the books were written not only on earth but also in another world, and I came to see them, I wept. My very message was taken from me. The words were not there. The Way was not there. The values were not there. The worlds were not there. I took stock of the men who had come over from earth. They were very woeful then. They were wiser. They had come to understand. But the earth could not understand, and the earth never has understood. Will the earth ever understand? Will the earth understand now?

Do not think, that because I was an old man, in the eighties, I was no more capable of giving just that sort of help I went on that tour to give. I did not go to give any learned teaching. I had, as I always had, a message, a 'more-word' to give to 'the man.' Forty years and more years had passed since I first began to do that, and I was not only no less fit to give it; I was much more fit to do so. I had learnt much from talking with, and advising many men and women. I had come to know, to judge about many things. I had come to estimate well many people. I was now very wise as to their needs, their diffi-

culties. And I was very willing that they should come to me and speak with me. I never tired of that. They would chiefly come when I had rested after midday. They were greatly wishing me to speak to them; they were often aware of my knowledge of the next world, and would ask me if I could tell them concerning this man, that woman whom they had lost, whether they were in a happy world. It is strange this should be passed over, for here the book is very true.[192a] They esteemed me the more in that I could bring them word when I myself knew. They came to know the real value of musing, and it was then, as I have said, that I spoke of it as a mirror of life in the unseen. As the book came to word the mirror, all the force and truth in the simile has dropped out. How strange it is to me that none among you has seen this! When the muser learns from the next world and truly words that, he is holding up a mirror of the next world, like your age now shows events in this world on the screen. Men will learn that one day. They are now holding such mirroring as lies. True, all depends on that 'truly.' They must see that they get worders who speak truly, and no others. I spoke truly.

I will come back to my last days presently.

It was well known then that I was usually at Sāvatthi. I did not go about as I had used to do. We went ever on foot, and it had become a weariness to me to walk about. I had never taken that last tour, had I not been in a fit of despair at the way in which men were wording my teaching not in the way I willed it should be worded.

Men will never word the New as it was worded when it was new. The fixed wording is necessary; but it is never the same. It is a word passed on; it is the word passed through others; it is the word of others; it is no more the word of the first utterer, of the first utterers. All would be well if only men of a later day would remember this, and would not read in the altered more-word the word that once was the New and is now the ancient, the more hidden. That ancient word once new is not worn out, for it is true of man in the whole way of him. *It is the fixed wording that is the old, the worn out.*

When the men of the Order were teaching people, they had come to speak more or less in certain fixed ways of wording which they had settled upon. They had come to attach a greater value to formulated teachings, as being something which gained in weight from being always just the same. Your world has

the same standard of value now, in its attitude towards the Gospels. The ' verses ' in these were not always in just the same wording when Jesus taught. They were varied to suit the persons addressed. But now, if they are worded differently, they seem to be no longer so ' inspired.' The same thing was happening in my old age. The men were in the habit of expressing any recognized teaching in the very same form of words. They were already losing the living worth in the subject worded.

And more :—where once the wording is fixed, any truer, any worthier expression of the new message, the more-word, the new will, the fresh growth, the further becoming cannot easily get a footing. The fixed wording becomes the ' old,' and is revered accordingly. But it may arrest growth. The new may come to be accepted one day—perhaps, but the new was needed THEN. And this was the case with my message. It was new ; it needed time to take root ; no fixed words could suit it till the age had come to take in and understand the very thing it sought to tell.

All wording in such a world-message must be experimental, provisional. Hard is it to amend what has once become fixed. I need only remind you of the case of Manthita and his Four Iddhipādas. And this brings us back

once more to Manthita and his fixed word-work. The like doom has fallen on him and his fellow-worders. The facts about these forgotten men will never be accepted on earth. Men will not believe what you write about them. Manthita was quite a worthy man, but he was overweighted by two things :— the world of the monk and the value in the fixed saying. And at the back of these, outweighing all, was the opinion of the outside world, the reputation there of any person or act in the Order. He made the mistake of rating the world, the average opinion, too high. The world treats men who make too much of it like that. Often it despises the men who speak to it truly, but honours them after they have left it. Or it may also leave this undone. It despises many who would have spoken truly, many who tried to help. Many who have deferred to it, it despises afterwards. Manthita was full of worthy appreciations : he respected worth in the laity, both in men and women ; he respected the worthy in the Order ; he respected me. But in turn he had a great wish to be respected by all of these. Herein lay his danger. For it was not so much the ' man ' that he regarded as the *man who was this or that* in the world. His regard was for the office, the rank, the

repute in the world. He did not seek to rate the very man. The 'man' has rated him with oblivion. He now understands better the teaching he did not very worthily hand on. One day he will word in a truer way the word of a Helper.

XV

MONK-VALUES AND MY PROTEST

See now that you follow me in what I say on these difficult and much misinterpreted events that have come to pass in the history of what your world calls Buddhism.

Many fixed wordings were made in my earth-life of which I did not in every case approve. That was my first worry. I did not approve always of the emphasis given in them to this or that. And on things I held of the first, the utmost importance, no fixed wordings were made. There was no wording of the 'man,' but only of what he was not! There was no wording of man as wayfarer in life conceived as growing, as becoming, of man as hoping and trusting in life, but only of his looking to the ceasing of life. There was no wording of the man as on the voyage to the haven. There was no wording of faith in that haven as the utterly Well, and not merely the no more ill.

So I left the earth with my very message,

my ' more-word ' worsened already in what had been fixed.

But think not that such fixed wordings, when not written down, but only repeated, cannot be changed, do not come to be changed. They may undergo change slowly, but change they do undergo. And herein was another worry to me, as I followed the course of things in later times. Not only were the fixed wordings not always worthy, but changes came which were not for the better.

Thus the teaching came to be shaped by the monk's ideal, and that was not mine. The monk saw life as ill. I saw it as growing in the better. The monk saw man as the worse for his mind and body. I saw man as growing by means of his use of mind and body. The monk reckoned as of greater value life when it was worsened, narrowed, detached. I saw the greater value in life—the whole of life, the whole of any one man's life—when this was held as an ever growing treasure. The monk looked on rebirth as bringing ever more woe. I looked to rebirth as holding the promise of ever more happiness. The monk was relying on the advantage for a man in living in a world out of the world ; for him the call to salvation lay in leaving the home for the homeless. I upheld the worth of the

home, of the man's and the woman's worth in it ; I upheld the worth of the world, of the house, of the home, of the child.

And see the worthless estimate involved in these worsened ideals ! The very work of men in the world, not blessed, but cursed in a doctrine of karma, of the deed, the work ! By a man's work does man judge man when he leaves the earth, not only in the earth itself, but as he enters his new life. That was now counted as something to be done away with were a man to be arahan, saint. Man's work, man's action, man's life was made a word of ill omen. The value of the world's work was worsened by this.

Your world cannot yet bring itself to see in this the work of monks. It sees my work, my world-work, my values ! But India was no wailer about woe, about ' ill,' till the monk came and found, in Jain and Buddhist opportunities, a platform where he could word new Vedas, new mantras, a new monopoly of world-worth. The man found no worthy measure in this, but the monk-man did. The monk-man was, is world-lorn, world-deserter, world-traitor, world-renegade. How can I find words to speak of the worsening that I have watched come over men, in this way, by brahman monopoly and by monk monopoly ?

Him I hold in worth, her I hold in worth who will tell this for me to men.

You will now be seeing how the monk, holding such values about the world and work, was bound to change in time the teachings, the wording of which he had himself fixed, and which, even before so doing, he had begun to worsen. The monk valued things as he thought was best. How then did he rate men ? the men of the outer world ? He rated them as his world-in-merit, not as the world where his will-to-well was to find play. Where he valued any man of that world, it was usually on worldly grounds. He did not value in the layman the ' man '-in-man, whose welfare, whose growth he had at heart. He willed men to be moral, to observe the five sīlas. But it was for himself as monk that he willed the higher welfare, judging that the monk was, as worthier, fitter for it than the man of the world. His welfare was one thing, that of the man in the world another. That world was not his world. That world was not in his own scale of values. The monk's world was his, and in the monk centred his values.

My values, as I have said, centred in the world, in the men there awaiting our help, the men who were in the work of the world. They

had not been born to have the 'world' happening in their lives that they might run away from it. They were reckoning with it, as it was fit they should do. They were coping with the little things, working worthily; they were taking each other into account according to these little things. They were coping and reckoning worthily or unworthily, but they lived by such things and helped others to live by them. My heart was with their lives in their much tedium, their many difficulties, their many troubles: illness, pain, miseries, in their hopes, their worthing things as worth while, their patience, their dogged efforts, their search for the better. Such a man in his world was worthy.

The monk in his own world was in the same way worthy. He built and repaired, he made and mended, he washed and cleaned, he tended his sick, all as a matter of course. When I am shown as tending a sick monk, and chiding the others, it was a very unusual case of neglect. It was in a monks' hospital and I found no other such case.[193] Some, now that the books are a little better known, make much of this case. But as a rule the monks were not open to the charge of callousness. So little is it considered as an example of any special ministry of mine, that it is only

mentioned in the Vinaya in connection with the rule about linen for sick monks, and is put under rules about monks' dress! The monks as a rule tended their person well, even in quite minor matters. The Commentary tells of a pupil calling the attention of Sāriputta, who was a little slovenly in such matters, to an untidy robe, and of the latter thanking the pupil.[194] Our monks tended the body; they were not ascetics, save in the matter of homelessness. They were also careful to ward the mind, at least in the matter of self-control, if not otherwise. As to the spoken thought too, they were anxious to cultivate clear thinking in the use and definition of name, term, word. The Sānkhyā vogue had taught them that. All that pertained to mind and body, so far as they understood these, they tended well.

That was all. They were less mindful of the welfare, the greater welfare of that who uses mind and body. They were valuing the instruments only. The 'man' they were losing, the *purusa*, the *puggala*, the *attan*, the very man, the man who wills, who thinks, who acts, who values, who chooses, the worther, the judge, the 'I.' They were coming to worth him, to think of him as not this, not that, never adding: he is this, he is that.

The worsening here in thought was leading to the greater worsening in the wording of the teaching. Everything that gave prominence, gave value to the 'I' was dropped out, unless it just could not be dropped out. Such were moral injunctions as to the 'self' or 'man,' as in the Dhammapada. The 'man' was clearly put forward in that work, a very worthy work in many ways. I was encouraging the wording of the many subjects in it during those last years I spent at Sāvatthi. I was anxious the verse-group on the 'man'—the Attavagga [195]—should be included, for the waning of interest in that had set in. It was at my express bidding that these verses were put in. From beginning to end the man, the very self is shown as willing, worthing, minding, doing this or that. The *attan*, the man, the self is here mandater, willer, chooser, judge, the man appraising the man. Wondered have I again and again how a creed could ever have come to worsen its teaching of man as very real while it has neglected of its scriptures least of all this book wherein is taught the 'man' with emphasis so worldworthy! And that next chapter too, that on the worlds, for so the title should be understood.[195] Here is the man who is wayfarer not in this one world only; he travels from world

to world ; he wills, he chooses the ' way ' by which he fares in the Way.

Again, the message, the new word which I had brought had been long and clearly worded before I left :—the teaching, that is, of the Way through the worlds. The monks worsened this. They had already begun to before I left. This was because they were ever overworthing ill. They had made it the Way to the ending of ill. They had made it, as I have said, just a feature in the doctrine of ill. The Way was my message to Everyman. It was not a message to the monk as monk. It was a call to the will, the choice, the judging of the worther, whether he were of the home, or of the houseless so-called. It did not touch the special and separate career carved out of earth-life by the monk for the monk. But for the monk it was a closer call to word the Way as merely one part, one aspect of an outlook which saw life as sorrow, as sorrow caused by earthly desires lumped together as craving, as sorrow to be ended by cutting off those desires, as sorrow to be so ended by a wayfaring in the Way I taught. Thus the Way became overshadowed by the idea that earth-life, and all life, was bound up with sorrow, and that the one way to cut out sorrow was to cut out the root of coming to

be : the only way in which the monk worded life.

There is one case in point on which I will digress yet a little longer. It will serve to show your readers how the monk-teaching fitted its own ' more-word ' on to what had been a new teaching of one of my first helpers. I have spoken of it already, but it will need special emphasis before your world will be brought to see, if ever it does see, the true history of the matter. When I was weak and old, the subject of ' cause,' of things as arising (naturally) from a cause, and of the suppression of the cause was being much taught by the Order, more so than the Way itself.

I had ever a high regard for Assaji, who brought into our teaching the subject of things happening in a way now called ' by natural law.' He left the earth before I did, as the record shows, albeit in a misworded, fixed-worded saying.[196] He and I taught cause as a way of world-order, no more. I saw cause in my teaching of the Way—of this I have spoken. But the Way was and remained my message, not the ' law of causation,' much less what the monks made of it. This was that, given the law of cause, what should man, that is, the monk, do with it ?

Not strengthen by its truth man's growth, man's becoming, but apply its truth to stop growth, stop becoming ! It becomes a doctrine of how to worsen, not improve, how to arrest, not stimulate, how to shrivel, not foster. Your world will not truly see this, till for the word now rendered ' ceasing ' it uses the word ' stopping ' ' making to cease.' It is willed ceasing that is meant.

My Way was world-cause in terms of growth, of faith in the forward way, of hope in it, of coming to be, of wayfaring as a great adventure in working towards the better in and through life. The later idea, of a world the monk's view of life valued, was of cause in terms of decay, of worsened becoming, of despair in the betterment of life. Here they taught—for their teaching amounted to this—as the world-way of things :—given this cause, that effect will happen. And the world-effect is or will be ill. Where therefore you can do so, give no play to the cause. For the cause of ill is within you, and you can will it to cease.

This making to cease is a very worthy mandate when the one thing that must be done is the arresting, the minishing of a plague, a pest, a flood, a fire. But when we have to do with Werden, with growth, with

becoming, with the better and not only with stemming the worse, what then ? The monk's ideal fails us. Thus do I tell your world what cause meant to me the Way-man, and what the monk made of it. Do you wonder at my woe ?

By this overmuch worthing and wording of ill, the Way as World-way dwindled. And the result was that the monk never lost the fear of death. He who sees the Way in the Whole loses the fear of death. You have feared death. You have lost the fear. Outlook on the worlds raises the worth in the 'man.' Want of that outlook makes the body loom too large. Life, the living man, becomes a fact of many stages, many bodies. Value in terms of worlds makes the truth about any one man's life something to be worthed in the whole, not in any one earth-stage of it only, But the monks had a mighty respect for death. The thought of it was one of the things prescribed for frequent thought, fraught with dread analysis. There was in that meditation no just teaching, that death is a very little thing, just a laying down of one body and the taking up of another body, which was with, by, in, the man all the time. This life was held to be an opportunity well worth while for its duration, but the worth

in the next life was worsened by the will not to be reborn.

Overrating of death, overrating of ill :— here we have the atmosphere of the monk's values in the picture of life. And the chief figures in that picture that I see are these :— my Way made to dwindle, the Man to whom I appealed withered up, as first, not body, not mind, and then, as a Nothing ; the Worlds to which I bade men look, shrivelled into low things (*hīna*), dwarfed by That to which they led conceived in a Not-word, and the musing to help, in drawing near for guidance to the worlds degraded into a merely preparatory exercise with no climax.

I say not that men like Manthita and others in the busy word-workshop at Sāvatthi were solely responsible for these tragic developments from the worthier, the original teachings we tried so earnestly to spread in the early years. We shaped their destiny on the day when my little band decided, that success for us spelt monk, and monk-wording. And I have tried to show you too, that what they had to work upon was no one theme, but a central theme at first agreed upon then, interwoven with other themes, put forward, now the one, now another, by men who were encouraged to enrich our teaching

with this and that outcome of the new will. The monk-ideal, the monk-wording fused these several teachings into a sort of conglomerate by its leaven. And if your world thinks it can understand early Buddhism without duly discerning how transformed that central theme, with its adjuncts, has become through that infused monk-leaven, it is profoundly mistaken.

XVI

MY PASSING FROM EARTH

I COME to the end of my earth-life.

I was already in weak health and failing when I went as guest to Chunda the smith.[197] He and his friends had a high regard for me, and he had invited many, wishing greatly that I would give them a helpful word on the Man-in-the-man during the meal. But I was feeling too weak, and only gave him a brief though worthy address. Chunda paid rapt attention and no word was lost on him. As to the meal itself, he had spared himself no trouble over it, but it was not suitable food for a weak and ill old man. More intelligence in such matters would have provided very light food. He had wished to show hospitality, but he did not show the wise care a woman would have used. He was a worthy widower. I did not wish to hurt him by refusing to take of his chief dish, but it was not wholesome food . . . no, it was not pork, but made with the pig-

worthed plant your husband—was it he? rightly named. I took a little, but even then could not digest it.

Men who worry over it do not reflect credit upon themselves.

I was taken ill that same day, and grew worse all night. Chunda, whose intentions were excellent, was in sore grief to hear how the visit, on which he had built so much, had harmed me, but at the worst he had only been the unwilling occasion of bringing what was very near to come to pass more quickly.

Towards morning I was easier, but weaker. It was then that men from the next world came to me. They made themselves seen and heard; they told me: 'Your man Kassapa has just been told you are ill, but he will not be here yet. He is in much grief about you. He is very anxious to see you again.' I said: 'He has been foolish not to come sooner. He knew how weak I had become.'

They said: 'He will be very unhappy when he comes. He will not find you.' And: 'he will not think of you as in the next world. He will believe you are at the utter end.' I said: 'I am not yet fit for that. I must be worthier before I get there.' They said: 'He will not believe

that.' They remained with me speaking of the better world I was going to till I left the earth. And they greatly commended my teaching of the Way. They said it was a true word.

Then Ānanda came and told me Subhadda would see me.[198] I let him come. Once more I spoke of my Way. That the book at least admits, but I did not speak as it runs in the book. It is a wordy, worthless account, and it is easy to see it has been inserted. I said: 'Subhadda, the Way in the worlds:— that is my message to you! Make it known! Let it never be forgotten! The Way in the worlds. . . .'

These were my last words. Those other words called my last I did give,[199] but not at the very end, as may be seen. I was speaking to a few monks at Vesāli, before I bade it farewell. And no one grasped the true emphasis in them. I bade them rely on 'dhamma' as their teacher.[200] This is worded, but it was worsened to seem as if I meant a 'taught doctrine.' What I really meant was that dhamma, or will to the better, within, of which I have told you. I stressed the very 'man,'[201] but that was lost. Moreworth in Everyman was in them, but that was lost. There is no monk-word there. The very

man has to give mandate to him-SELF:—THAT is what he must achieve, work out with zeal:—*appamādena sampādetha.*[202] That was my More-word to the Man, to the YOU. If I had held there was no real man, I should not have appealed to You:—*Vo!* each man who is the very 'you.' I should have said: 'Let there be the working out with zeal.' This too is overlooked. The worth I had in the man will never be rightly seen now. The utmost you can do is to write what I say to you.

Even when I urged them to make the most of their last chance of bringing me any difficulties—even that has been so worded as to be misunderstood. I said, if they would not ask me as their teacher, let them confide in me as their friend, their comrade. But it is worded as if they were to confide, if not in me, at least in each other.

I then became too weak to do more on earth. When men came beside me to speak to me, I could not reply. The mind would not react. I had no more pain, no more worry. It was as if another world were all about me, more real than the earth. The men of the other worlds who had spoken with me were still with me. It was as if I was with them in a more excellent Jhāna, more as it were in

their world than in mine. They were as dear friends watching with me. They were as mothers waiting for me. Men from a yet worthier world too were there, to whom those of the next world were showing respect. Among those was Kassapa, he who had come long before to bid me not hesitate to teach, Kassapa the helper in India before me, whom men call Buddha. He too was watching with me and waiting for me. I was aware of him in a better way than I had been before. So for all these friendly visitors : I was aware of them better, in a better, worthier way than I had been while musing. They were not now small or distant ; they were almost as clear as if they had belonged to earth. . . .

Then in a moment I was with them, among them, one of them, no more a dying old man, but in a new body, as it seemed, a young body, a young mind, in the health of youth. Vanished was the old husk. I was as the young man I had been in Kapilavatthu. Vanished too was the way in which I had regarded the men of earth. I was now regarding them as little children, caring about things I had outgrown, caring for things worth while, but in a worthless way with respect to many of them. After all they were so young ! I was now very young, but

I seemed to be understanding them as younger.

It was a wonderful change. It was growth in a moment. It was the ' having become ' in a moment. It was a coming to know the new, the better, the worthier, the happier, the new values, more mind, more will, more light, a man more enlightened. But a man all the same. I was no other being. I was as a worthier man, very author in the work, very maker in the made, in the yet to be made. For all the change I was yet the very man, he of whom I had always taught, the man with body and mind, in whom I had always believed. I was now, no less than before, the very ' I,' the very ' mine,' the very ' me.' I was now deva, but no deva in the meaning of the Willer who is here called GOD, no deva in the meaning of the Maker, the Disposer, the Chooser, no deva in the meaning of issuer of mandate, but just deva or denizen of the next world. That world was not held in worth by those with me on earth. They looked upon it as a merely sensuous sphere, where many nymphs awaited the man. They were very wrong. They were valuing it from the standpoint of the sensual man. They left out what the worthy man values. They were taking into account a half-world.

They neglected the worthy half. All men pass to that world, the best, the worst. All meet there with judgment. All come to know one part of it, or another. All must go a-wayfaring in it. If the man be worthy, the way of him is worthy; if not, not. The man who fares worthily will grow in worth. The man-made next world of man's unaided fancy is not well conceived; the man who listens and learns in the musing will know what to expect. That world will be present in his mind before he goes there, and he will not be afraid, if on earth he is living worthily. He will not be shuddering at weird and fearsome things of which he has dreamt or heard, but of which he knows nothing. He will not be in dread; he knows there is nothing to dread.

In this happy way did I greet my new world. Then I turned and looked and was ware of them I had left. There was the faithful Ānanda weeping beside what he held to be the great man who lay a-dying. There were a few others with him, ready to tend me at his bidding. There was a healer, doctor, you would say. Nothing is said of him. He was the best they could summon, but his methods were chiefly a reciting of many, manifold spells. There he sat droning a *vijjā*, one of

such, like the foolish man he was. Magic was then much in vogue. Constraining power was held to lie in the mantra, and the man who could chant them was held in worth. The fourth Veda is full of them. It was then not yet in the form of a compilation. It was in the mantra itself, more than in skill in the chanter, that power was held to lie. The better he could word the many bodily ills, the more effective was he considered. I was not heeding him.

I heeded the men ; I heeded their care, but they were not doing just the one thing I wished : they were not listening. They were not attent as to whether the man, whom they confessed to having greater knowledge and greater power than many, would not now be showing them how true was what he had told them concerning the things of the 'after-death.' There was no will in them to speak to me, to tell me they were listening.

I had feared this, but it was the first blow to my new relief. It was the first cloud in the new clear sky. It was a very foreshadowing of the way in which they would look upon me. They were looking upon the body. They were revering my body. I turned again to my new-won world and went away a very sad man.

Nor did any other of the men I had just left try to get word with me. It is asked: Why not? Was not Jhāna much practised? Was there not lively faith in the next world? Yes, but that faith was no longer linked with desire. Aspiration to other worlds had undergone much worsening. Not as to rebirth among the laity, but as regarded us. Hope for the monk was that he would after death be in no world. Aspiration was for Nibbāna. Or if not for immediate Nibbāna, then for rebirth in world of the disembodied. And the disembodied could not speak. Such was the best hoped for in the case of a monk who had not confessed to aversion from rebirth. The Order had no value in very man, and therefore they had no value in his future. The Order held he was as man worthless at death, since he was only mind and body; he 'broke up,' as was said, and no man remained to live elsewhere. The laity listened to what we taught; they saw that we no more wanted world-work in other worlds than we did in this world. They knew that the monk wanted no worlds, no more world-life; hence even they were losing zest, in so far as they heeded us, in even so much of after-life as the Order conceded to them.

I had the very horror of this teaching. I

had a strong faith in the reality of other worlds. I had seen this slackening in faith growing ; I had spoken concerning it. You will not find it. It was left out. As I have said, the men about me in my old age were thorough monks, except Ānanda, and he had no influence as a teacher. They had no worth in life ; they hoped only for not-life. They aspired to the end ; they looked forward to world-waning ; they were not interested in denizens of other worlds.

I tell you this lest it be said : Why did no one listen, if he taught that we could hear from other worlds ? They did think *I* could, but no one else. The psychic men had gone before me : Moggallāna, Sāriputta. Anuruddha kept very quiet about it ; very shy was he, shrinking from teaching of the hearing he experienced. And he too was very monk, seeing woe in the worlds. He was not one to be looking for further life. I was. I held in very worth life, life as growing, the next stage in that growth, the next forward step.

So my men fell back on making a fuss over my disused body, remaining in ignorance as to the late user of it. Then came Kassapa the monk,[203] full of inward grief over his own folly. He had wilfully lost the opportunity of learning my last wishes. Bitter was his

self-blame, and strong his wish to make good his desertion of me. There was no great devotion to him in the men about me, but they esteemed his energy in acting where they were slack with grief. He was not a very wise man, but he had a deep respect for me. And he deemed that a stately funeral would be the best way of showing it.

It was a very wrong idea. Funerals are opportunities for showing regret at neglect of a person while he was on earth, but they are a lifeless honouring. They are a celebration of ending, when they should be a celebrating of more living. Men have never observed the funeral well. They behave worthlessly over it. Most men believe in life unseen, but are content to carry on in ignorance about the man, the woman who has entered on it. One day there will come a worthier attitude. Then will the very man be held to live, and not die with his body. Men of the churches are the less mandated here, where they should be better guides. They do speak of the very man when they speak of the unseen, yet they act as if they had lied. It is when we do not mourn, that we are really believing in the very man. When we are really happier, then is our attitude worthier. The greater the weight attached

to dying, the less shall we come to understand living. The new experience he has entered upon :—that is what we should look to. But people are undiscerning. When anyone rejoices at the happy change for the vanished one, he is held to be heartless. People would have us be all woe for a little, then forget. Suffering there must be in the fitting attitude, for there has been loss, but it should blend with gladness, and also go with intelligence about it, if that be possible. But then this is held to be not quite sane. We know better.

I had no great worth in reverence to a corpse. Where the very man is reverenced, that would be looked upon as the outworn garment. The Indian does that. He burns it. He looked upon it as worn gear long ago. Herein he was wise. But my Order was already looking upon the man as mind and body only. They were commending that dying where the mind found no new warding, no new '*thiti*,' or 'persisting.' But they reverenced the dead body because after all it had served the mind. Had they listened to me, they would have reverenced to more purpose my new body, rather than the old. As it was, they were already reverencing the 'relics,' the leavings, the after-honouring, which they

have been showing ever since. When men reverence the words of the teacher, then are they reverencing the man. I had told them to look to the man (*puggala*), for the real worth, and to the man's teaching. Nay, you'll not find it in the books. They left it out. They were anxious only to preserve the less worthy wording of the not-man (*an-attan*).

It was not a very lovely world for me that I had left. It never is for the aged. They are become a burden and they know it, but are powerless. They need patience and they do not always get it. My men were warding me well but they were not holding in much worth the things I had to say. In the matter of teaching they would leave me to listen to younger men, more capable speakers, but not speaking as I would have spoken.

But neither was it an altogether lovely world to which I had come. They of yet another world who had been with me when I passed, had gone home. They whom I looked to find had not yet heard of my coming. And to look back on what I had just left caused me more worry than happiness. I was tasting a better world yet it was as if I had failed on earth. I found

myself held in high regard, yet I felt as if I deserved only blame. I no longer looked on the men of earth as having wisdom; they all seemed so many children, engrossed about things that did not matter, whether it was my bones, or fixed forms of doctrine.

It was a lonely time till they I had known and loved in the earlier days had come to greet me. When they came—those first five were among them—then I was in an atmosphere of fervent joy. Then a happier time began, and then I carried out my old earth-wish and set out, a way-farer as ever, to travel.

XVII

AFTER-DAYS

Meanwhile the mandate given by my Order to India, worsened as it was, grew no better. Less worth came to be placed in it by the people. The monk was less honoured as the teacher ; it was the warding of him as monk that became ever more the people's religion. In the monastery there was no lack of teaching and training, but not much was there teaching and counsel given to the laity. It was a worthy work to teach in the monastery, but the many were they whom I warded, not the few. And the teaching given the monks was ever such as exalted the monk as monk. To the many were given tales ; these were reckoned good enough for them.

Those folk-tales were now added to the fixed sayings as ' Jātakas.' There were many old verses about tales, worded in many dialects when I was on earth. They were just the nursery-tales of the people, and most of them needed explanation to be quite intelligible,

just as is needed by many of those you have. These explanations were given by men familiar with them from childhood, whose calling it was to be story-tellers, worthy amusers of the folk. You are wondering how far, in that retelling, the teachers themselves believed in the truth of what they were handing on? I would not have you waiting in surmise on that matter. Let be the many misinterpretings as to why this and that story came to be told. The repeaters were not, are not, critical as to truth. They wanted to interest, to exhort morally. They were teaching the many, who cared little for things as deep, as true. They were but children, liking the marvellous, happy in a world of fancy, preferring mind-pictures. They did not like to face the true, when the true is unpleasant. Death they found not pleasant; life was pleasanter. It was pleasanter to be hearing of, to be picturing man as living on, many-wise, manywhere. Was it true? Was it rightly worded? They were incurious. And you know that, in this, the world as a whole is no worthier yet. The 'how' we shall be in the next world is left in the greatest vagueness. It is even made a merit to leave it in vagueness. More and truer knowledge of this real thing is not held worth while.

It was little likely that herein should come any new and better and truer message for the people about life and the worlds. The monks now collected these stories, fitting to each of them something remembered from my life and sayings, and added them to the store of sayings during the first hundred years after I had gone. It was much longer than that before they were written down. The monks have ever used them much in their teaching, for they were popular to start with, and there was a more or less worthy lesson in each. But they were no worthy messages for my Order to be giving. They sounded no newer note of higher worth on man, on the very man-in-man, on his 'well,' on the 'way,' on will. They were worthy only for the unthinking. They taught no new truth on woman, on the home, on the To Be in man's life on earth. They were mainly worthy in an animal way. There was much appreciation of things material; much appreciation of the monk; much worldly appreciation in general; some depreciation of the brahman.

The stories were in many ways foolish, but in one way they are bearers of a truth earth needs yet to realize. And that is this: they show the long, long coming to be in the man—the man, not only the race—before he is

perfected. They show a Bodhisat or future world-helper undergoing rebirth for countless ages before he becomes fit to help. Even then they only show a small part of his maturing in the fullest sense; they tell only of development on earth. There is so much more.

Buddhism has yet to realize in my case that 'much more.'

In the later days, between what are known as the Second and Third Councils, my Order was growing in an extravagant 'more-worthing' of me. No memory was left it of me as its fellowman, not in any way a little god, but a mortal-bodied, mortal-minded, fallible man, whose only merit lay in his undying care for their good. This was to know me as those men had never known me, the knowing me as the man, the very man, what I have called the 'man-in-man.' They never even knew me as you can know me! You have all the scriptures of the earliest Canon before you in books. From them you can piece together a better picture, poor as it is, than they could. They had only, each section of them, some sayings. None of them had a knowledge of all. Nor have they now, in countries where Buddhism is held. They know only portions.

As man, as friend and guide, I may be said

to have, as you say, outstayed my welcome. I had become an aged, worn invalid, listened to as teacher only with a decorous piety. Sāriputta left in time. He left behind him the memory of a vigorous, loving and loved teacher and fellowman. With me it was a case of: 'Take care of him! Be gentle, be patient! He has done much for us in the past. But he is not of our day. We put things much better. Come away and hear *us*!'

But later, when the aged father had left his children, then the image-building, then the ideal structure began in earnest. On to me was fitted the wonder-man of that ancient Indian legend, of which the brahman converts knew, the wonder-being of the Lakkhana and other Suttas, the *purusûkta* of their Vedic scriptures.[204] He found his way into Jain wordings also.

Men were looking for the very worthiest in the man. They had lost the ascribing supreme worth to That which was More than man. They had no more the Brahman of the brahmans, and they had no other deities in the non-brahman cults. They had the quite worthy conception, that power might conceivably lie in man above the powers of the average man, or even above the more elect. They wanted a God-man. They made me

one. They conceived their God-man in the likeness of the ideal of their age, an ideal in many ways very worthy, an ideal far better than those of the Veda ideas. It was the ideal of a good man, a warder of men, a helper of men, a lovely ideal of greater worthiness. The greater worth, as is the way where mind is placed above will, lay not in the ideal man's work, but in his greater being. He was a man who had become, who had finished his 'werden' his growing. He was not true man; he was God. The formula of the arahan, the saint gives this: the finished, the done, the lived, the ended.

I had the very woe when I saw the growth in India of this notion. I was watching the earth; I was observing much. I was then not watching much else. I gave full credit to the men who were trying to get unity at Patna or elsewhere. But they were very ignorant. The word I had left the world:— it was not that word they put foremost. They were a very monk-world; they were a little world within the world. They were overworthing the man who had spoken, but they were worthing little what he had tried to say. It was what their world was worthing that they put first, and that was a mixture of the true and the false.

The men who sought unity on this corrupted basis at Patna, sent teachers—so the books say—to Ceylon. I was not then watching the work. The woe it caused me turned me from it. It was paining me to note what was being taught in my name. Nor was I ever in Ceylon during my earth-life as Gotama. The word on that in the Ceylon poems is false.[205] I wanted to reach the many with my message, but I could not leave my world. I knew they were loyal, but I should have had to leave them too long. I held them in worth, but not their wisdom. I was trusting the men, but I was not trusting them to keep the teaching worthy.

Then again, there would often be among them members who were quarrelsome, and there would be yet more who attached too great importance to little points concerning food, dress, the opinion of the laity about the monks. They had little minds on many subjects, though they thought worthily about some things. They were too much engrossed with the now, the thus, the more, the less, the would be, the may be, the must we, the must we not, the more in the worth or the less, the worth in him or her ; not the Message itself and man's worth by the scale of the worlds. And these small ideas they took with them when they went on missions.

Nor were they, when they went, seeking any help of will from me. They had wrong ideas about me. They believed that I had ceased to exist in any world as man. They were full of confidence that what they had to teach Ceylon was the very truth. And that was before everything the importance of the monk, and the need of the people to become monks and nuns. They had no mission of raising the tone among men in their work in the world for the world. They were not concerned chiefly to teach the warding of men by man, in works that your world calls philanthropic. Ceylon was awake to such warding, if to a less extent than was the India of their king Asoka.

Much merit has king Asoka won in the estimation of to-day by the messages which he gave to the many in the Edicts. This is well, for in them he proclaimed the word I taught as no man in the Order is ever shown doing in the books. He had learnt the "dhamma" from the laity, not from the monks, albeit he is said to have had further tuition from them in his latter days, before the weeding out of the many monks began at Patna. A man sees the worth, in a teaching on the better, in a worthier way than the half-man. The man values the teaching as it

affects his life in the world, in the worlds. This is how Asoka had the doctrine worded, and this is as I had willed it. There is in those Edicts no word on monk-doctrine :— on Ill, on Nirvana, on the greater worth of the monk and monk-life, or on the not-man. There is contact with devas, there is will to the better, to ' growth,' to the more welfare in this world and the next. Therein lies my gospel.

Much had the Order lost, much had it changed in the teaching I gave it at its birth, but in this matter of taking what it held to be for the good of all men to know to other parts of India and to Ceylon, it had remained very worthy, very true to its first tradition. Its members were at least wise herein, that for men in general the ' new ' might, or might not be the ' better,' but the better must be new. After those very early missions I had stopped sending more. They were only in the neighbourhood of our first settlements. In that neighbourhood and gradually further it was necessary, so to teach and make our teaching acceptable and accepted, as to have a strong and persistent lay support, on which we could rely for bodily maintenance. And there was the matter of language to be settled. Had I sent distant missions at first, the missioners,

unrecognized, unsupported, speaking no tongue but their own, would have starved. Loyal and willing they were, but not to starve. And they had little worth in the foreigner. The world for them meant India only. In the old scriptures ' Jambudīpa,' India, means the whole world of men, nay, it means just the men who spoke Prakrit in some form or other. They who did not were *milakkha*, the worthless, the alien, the outsiders. It was a very child-world in many ways. Though my WAY and men as wayfarers is a world-word, yet is it a child-word for all that. It will never be a worthless word, it will ever appeal to the child in man, to his ' wanderlust,' his love of adventure, his quest in the unknown, the new, the coming to pass. The West does not even yet see this, because it has not yet with insight of imagination tried to understand the gospel of the WAY. It has seen in the ' eightfold path ' just a course of ethics.

XVIII

LAST WORDS TO EARTH

Man wills the very World-Will when he wills the very highest he can conceive. That Highest as conceived differs as he himself differs. A man differs in the way he values this and that from the way in which the man of another time and place values this and that. The man is different now from what he was then. To say that man does not change is a worthless opinion. I see, who know man from many centuries of memory, how he has changed in the East, how he is changing there now. I know that he has not been changing to-day only. Your husband rightly said, that the phrase : ' the changeless East ' is a foolish lie. The very men who appreciate his work to-day would not have appreciated it when I was on earth. Who in my day wanted to hear how the Vedas came to be compiled ? No one. But that is what men to-day want to know. The will to know these things means a change in the will, and that

implies a change in the man. He no longer wills quite the same thing, no longer being quite the same person. The will is, as will, the same, for will is but force exerted, but the value, the worth ascribed will be different. It is what we value that varies.

When the willer is the very live man, when he words what he values, and puts forth will to live according to his valuing, then do we see values and will working as one. Will may be felt as merely a vague desire, a vague longing; value may be ascribed in a merely 'wilful' wanton way. But when the will is charged with a value that a man conceives as the highest he can reach, then it is likely that he will make an advance in what is really his good, his 'well,' his 'more-well.'

The new, the heightened way of welfare, which I call 'more-well' may not rightly be so, may have been wrongly conceived. How can we know that it is wrongly conceived? When the man has thought only of his own good, and not of the good, the 'more-well' of all men, all, without exception. Thus the greater good of all cannot be forwarded by anything which will harm any part of the whole. So war must not be willed, nor should any men be overworthed, nor should any be underworthed. There will be harm done in

those ways to some. In this way alone can we will, can we value what is really good. In this way alone can we hold in worth what may rightly be called the Better.

To the man who steadfastly seeks not his own 'well' alone, but in it the 'more-well' of his fellows, more-word of guidance will surely come, whether he be ware of whence it comes or not. I have told you how I sought steadfastly, and of how more-word came to me. Here and now too I seek it steadfastly. And that I now give men this more-word on their 'well' has come to me.

The one sure test of the worth of man's work in any world is his goodwill towards men, his will to their welfare. Where his work bears not that will as latent basis and ultimate end, let him stop that work! No worth will be his hereafter unless he honestly seeks, beneath all, above all the seeking of closer ends, the greater welfare of men. And this is true, whether his mandate lies in music or visible art, in the market or in disclosing the past, in science or in man's duty to man, in the churches or in governance, in the schools or in the humblest ways of work. Each man, in seeking to expand his work, needs to give greater heed to this one saving sanction Too many are content with what

they call impulse, urge, or merely expediency. Let the man query the directive force at the heart of his urge. Let him not fear either the gibe of the cynic, the 'self-expression' slogan of the artist, or the head-shake of men with no outlook or faith. Let him be his own confessor—of open confession there is no need—let him make sure that the more-well of men, sooner or later, now or in the long run, is the residual thing that justifies his work.

Then shall the light shine within him.

Man expresses his values in the better by the word. This is well. We will that he should do so. But man can only truly value a Better which he has put into words by his life. That is the only value that can stand testing. When he is in doubt about a worded Better of which he is told, that is the one safe test he can apply. This was what I told the Kālāmas and others,[206] in the sayings which the scriptures have preserved. And I say it now for you to write, after all these years during which those Kālāmas have been learning, in other worlds and on earth, whether I told them what was true. I say now as then: it is the life alone that can judge the truth of the word. The word alone is useless. When a teacher teaches that which his life shows that he values, when his life is an echo

of his word, and his word an echo of his life, then can his teaching be tested, and the very worth in it shown if it prove fruitful for the Wayfaring. Values will differ with time and place ; life will also and likewise differ ; but the wording of the values must bring about a growth, a new becoming in the life, else that wording must cease. Never is a teaching worthy when it does not will a change in life. Life must grow ; the word must fructify in the growth.

Here is a word that is good for all time and not for the past only. This is because it is not a value which belongs to an epoch only, but to life itself. It values life as a coming to be. But in so far as a teaching belongs to values that are of the past, and have been outpassed by later and worthier values, it should no longer be put forward as wisdom true for all time, sufficient in itself for all time, a teaching of which men to-day should call themselves adherents. Such men deem they are following the old teaching, when what they are really doing is crediting the old teaching with what they have learnt from the ideals of their new world.

Ay, I word now the men of the world that calls itself Buddhist in the lands where the Order first spread abroad the teaching so

called. What are they doing to-day in a world of newer ideals, that they uphold, as sufficingly true for all time, a teaching of older ideals? What are the values they really have at heart if it be not something that is new, newer than much of the old? These values would not have been taught in my day. I never told men, that to serve one another was the very essence of my teaching. I never urged men, the men of the world's work to ward one another in the way Jesus did. I never urged on men the warding of the child, and the esteem of the woman that the world of to-day wills. I did esteem the woman, but it was in the best of the old-world fashion only. I tried to raise them in men's regard, but my message was not for the greater welfare of them as it would be now.

No, men cannot value as I valued in my teaching so as to have values worthy for all time. The values were worthy then. A more-value is needed now. The right values now are not the values that were Buddhist. Why will men who have, or can have a worthier wording in values, now call themselves yet by an old name belonging to the values of a world that is dead? Let men not be the slaves of the past! Let them live in the present! More honour from us will be

theirs if they will dare to do this. We lived in our present. We were not careful to word our past. We found it not enough for us. We sought to lead men on. We will you to do likewise.

I ask the men and women no matter of what race, who now call themselves Buddhists: what are they doing about this new world that was not when Buddhism began, when Buddhism first prevailed ? They who hold in reverence what the books say I said : what is that faith making them say and do now ? What is it making them put foremost in religious work ? Take world peace. Why have Buddhists been hereon as a church, a Sāsana, so silent ? The grip on the earth of a will to peace will be the very first sign of the approaching advent of a new Helper. Yet Buddhists as a body gave no sign, neither while the work calling itself League of Nations was a tender plant needing much fostering, sneered at by the great majority, nor while with greater vigour it has fought with old world schemings and obstacles at Geneva, or has breathed more freely at Locarno, at Paris. Never yet have they worked to make the world of to-day feel that in them it has *outspoken* friends of peace. Did those of London some years ago rally round you when you urged

them to show themselves supporters of the world work for peace ? They did not. They were too much occupied with celebrating their Wesak day. As if that mattered when weighed with the peace of the world ! The man or woman who testifies to the worth of the work for that peace is a better Buddhist than the most fervent celebrator of Wesak.

Are they concerned with little wars among themselves ? Has there been yet a body calling itself Buddhist that has not fallen out within itself ? Truly in this they are faithful followers of my Order.

Are they finding in relics a thing about which to make a stir ? As to that I have said what I know and will.

Are they still looking for example and guidance to the monk-world ? That is a thing of a dead world. Or at best a thing that can only help where a few may be so that they cannot find rest or healing or quiet work elsewhere. The monk has no place in the new world. He is a world that has been. He is a world of phantoms. His world will never heal the woes of man. It never did, but it was a means when and where men would have no other. It was the very Magga for a very few. Yet even they were not monks, recluses, when they helped men. They became brothers of the men on

whose life they had turned their backs ; they became once more of the world as such ; they came back into the very Way of the worlds.

The monk will never invite or heed an estimate of his order by the man of the world. He is guided by his own estimate. He is, if he be a typical monastic, convinced of this : that life in the world will not give him the conditions in which he can develop the higher life. Now, he is right in willing the best he knows. His will is sound. Many of the monk-world are very estimable in their earnestness for the better. But in that they will not venture to seek it amid men who are not so much in earnest, they are no better than men who, when some opportunity of gain opens up, seek the best places for themselves.

I have said, and I say again, that the men, who in the beginning were my fellow-helpers, were not that type of the very monk, whom I worth little, as such. They were set on bringing a message of the worthier will, the worthier life to the world about them. Very worthy were they in their lives, in their will. They were all for helping the many. The men who came after them were not so intent on helping the many. They were the heirs of the little world their forerunners had brought together and organized. The rest of the world

they looked upon as something worse. Their mandate had come to be this, that true worth lay in the monk-life alone. They appreciated the laity only as the source of material support. The laity was there to work for the monk, they held, rather than for the good of the whole. They did not esteem the 'whole.' The whole, the everything (*sabbam*) was worthless. And they made worthless sayings about it.[207] Their interest in the universe was confined to man, and among men, the monk was most worthy. They had no will, nor faith that earth, as the home of man, might become more worthy. They were the foes of earth-life. They believed in the good of not-becoming.

As a man, the monk is often far better than his values. Such a monk does not see salvation in the mere monk-mandate. Such are not true monks ; they are the friends of man, the brothers of man. There are always such monks to be found. Francis of Assisi was such a brotherman. He was no true monk. He had no great worth in the monk. He had worth in every living creature, man and not-man. His values lay neither in the monk as such, nor in the Church as such. He was outside both cell and church. He sought to bring a message to all that had life.

I have known others who were as he. I have felt their worth. Sāriputta and Kotthita were such men. They were not monks; they were brother-men. The scriptures do not show it. That is because they were the work of very monks, men who followed monk-values. Such did not look upon the monk as 'brother' to man. *They never use the word.* It is not a true rendering to call them 'brethren,' although it is not easy, with your Christian tradition, not to do so. They are not brothers, they are monks. Now monks look upon their inner world as one of 'brethren,' but not upon the world as such. Brother, in religion, should be used only when the man is brother to all men, even as Jesus was.

Monks are the very bats of the cult they call after me. They set store by the night. They prefer to have the mind dark on all that can be made of life. They are haters of the light; worthless worders of the Way of the worlds. No true or worthy word have they on the 'man.' They have forsworn the very centre of their being. They heed not the 'man-in-man.' They speak of him as a not-being. They leave him in the shell of an old error made by their teachers years ago. Nor have they any word of light on the welfare, the more-well of man. They measure their

worthiest man by a measure which would end life here. They can learn from me that *this never happens*. They leave out the true measure in life's worth: the more-way in becoming, world after world. They have no real conception of what life can become. I know now. I did not know then. But *I* never said that life was to fade and wither up through man's casting out desire, holding in worth non-desire. *That* is to cut off all hope of becoming. *That* is to look upon all hope as futile. *That* is to rename all hope as the outlook of the fool.

The outlook of the fool is to eat, drink for to-morrow we die. The outlook of the monk is to value the life that now is, so that to-morrow we may die. There is here not the difference there should be. We should eat, drink, grow, for we live to-morrow, we live on in worlds we grow in, we wayfare in growing towards the home.

The monk leaves his home on earth. Let him look to it that he lose not the way to the Home which is neither in earth, nor in any 'world.'

But I would speak no more of the monk, I would speak to this age in general. Too much do men now hold in worth the word which blots out the coming to be. They speak of

them who have left as 'dead.' You do not approve; you are right. But the world, in regard to these, now places it on any and every monument, on every memorial of honour, speaking of their 'name' alone as living for evermore! The very word 'the dead who die in the Lord' comes near to being a dreadful mockery for the heedless. There are no dead 'in the Lord.' The dead are just discarded bodies, the 'dead' are not the worthy men and women, the dead are not our very well-beloved. They are heeding what we are all very foolishly wording about them. To honour the 'dead' in any but a crooked indirect way is to dishonour those men and women. They are not in the grave; they are yet more fully alive than here, worthily working in a worthier world. They are on their world-wayfaring, yet not therefore far from any of us. They move about us, they can heed us, they can judge our worth and our unworth. They know, they know that the 'man' dies not.

And they are coming to know that the way to the Home is not by the life in one world only. The way to that is along the very world-way. The world finishes not with any earth-life, no matter how holy it have been. Too great a gap lies between the life of the best on earth and the HOME. Man as he is, or

may be on earth values many things the man who is near the Home values not. Man when he leaves earth has much to learn, be he never so good, never so wise. What knows he of the whole, of the beginnings, even only of life on earth? He is not fit for the coming to know That who wills all.

When finally he is ready for the Home, he will not in any way be the man we know on earth. He will have a yearning for the Home of a kind man here knows not. He will have a fitness for it, such as man here cannot have. He will now be compact of will, for he is coming into the very WILL of the whole. He will be the very worthy, arahan indeed, for he is very near the highest in worth. He will be the very whole (very *kevalin*) in knowledge in a way no earth-man can be. He will understand man and man's way of coming to be, as no earth-man can understand. He will understand the worlds as no man can while yet he is in those worlds. He will understand the 'Well,' the utterly well, as no man on earth can understand it.

Man's will lays store in a mandate which men see is conducing to their further welfare. The worder of it, the wording of it will come to be held in honour. I was the messenger of a mandate making for man's further welfare.

Herein lay man's further welfare :—that a worthier life is the most important thing a man can be occupied about if he would advance in the way to the uttermost WELL. In so far as men value what lay in my message, they will value the message as this. In so far as they are convinced, that in these pages lies, in its true form and meaning, the message I verily gave to men, they will rightly value its worth to-day. When once they come to do so, they will be the more ready to look for and to value a new message for their yet further welfare.

That messenger will be able to word his message in a worthier way than could we of old. Whether he speak or write, he will word it to the very world. The very waves in the forces of the air will serve him. He will speak his word straight to each man and each woman. That will be when the Many are waking to the value of something that is felt as needed for, as making for, their further welfare.

The message will not in its wording be perfect. No such mandate has ever been. It is new. Fit words will not be there. But men take the worse in the wording with the better. And when they value that 'worse' they are not rightly valuing it. They are then taking up into their will that which

makes for man's ill. They, so willing, undo much of true value which the messenger has tried to make them see.

Man can now value his true welfare better than when I was on earth. He has grown by the earlier mandates. And he can word himself much better. He can look around and behind far more than ever he did, and so he can value better that which makes for his further welfare. Where he does not worth at the best he can, he will not word as well as he ought. His values are not what they might be. They fall short of his best, his worthiest, his highest.

He will then be a worsener, not only of the present, but also of the past. He will value in the past what has not made for man's betterment. Or he may value as always best that which may have been best then, but is no longer so. I value past ways, when a worthier way was then not possible. I greatly value men's past worthings where these were the best they could then see.

I value the efforts of the child in his setting store by simple things. But I do not respect the man who values no better than he did as a child. I do not respect the man of to-day who deems he can do no better than value as did man in the past. In many things man in the

past was to the man of to-day as the child is to himself when adult. And when a man of to-day regards an ancient creed as wording all he is now in a position to value, he is as one who turns back to the values of his childhood.

Man will not be ready for a new message which shall word the highest in higher values than he does now, till he will stand on his own feet in the light of to-day, and so value. Never can he value as man of a new world, till he ceases to borrow values of a day that is past.

Let man's will be once more worded by me as once I worded it in the past, as once I spoke to man as worder of the WAY of him, as worder of the will of him, the will I could not name, as worder of the MAN in the WAY, wayfaring through the worlds. Let will arise ! Let will work ! Let will work to speak the message of the NEW ! Let not will spend itself on a message that is now, in its worth for the men of the new world, become a word that is past.

Men would heed me if they knew that the man they worship as the bringer of a message to India long ago is the very living, is the very warding them even now. I am that man. I am the man who lived in India in the

sixth century before the years which count as after the years of Jesus. I had then my family, my clan, my country, my new world, my wording of the Way, my work ; I was such and such in the world I lived in ; I was the man Gotama of the Sakyas, the man who was the very more-worder to India in the time of Kosala and of Anga and Magadha, the man who was so honoured by the worders in Rājagaha and in Sāvatthi. I am he who speaks to the earth now in these my last days as man :—

What is it that I hold, now as of old, most precious upon earth ? It is the men, the women whose thoughts are upon both worlds, this and the next. It is the men, the women who are looking for the new light, who weigh the value in the new that has found utterance. It is the men, the women who seek the ' well ' in the worlds for all men, who are the humble, the loving, the lowly, the very worthy, they who spread man's weal, who spread the will to man's weal ; they who look upon the worlds as the greater Way of man's wayfaring, they who speak what men are the better for hearing, they who long for and love and utter what is TRUE.

. . . . . .

The book is done . . . I am very happy . . . I will it well . . . it will not be held in worth to-day . . . there will come a day when it will be held in worth . . . it is a very true word . . . we know how true it is though men will not know . . . there will be they who will understand . . . aññātāro bhavissanti. . . .[208]

THE END

APPENDIX

If anyone "came to us from the dead"—as we still say (and who can know that one may not in the future so come, once we have grown to be ready for him?)—we may fairly surmise this much as to what he would say:—He would correct our existing evidence about him, even the best that we have. He would correct it in what it says, and in what it leaves unsaid; he would correct it in what it puts forth as truth, or as falsehood; he would correct it in what it emphasizes, and in what it lightly passes over. Even events we accept from that evidence as true he might contradict. And he would give us names, which do not, on earth at least, "live for evermore," even though they were names of persons who did worthy service to men. Such a testimony is given in these pages.

As to those names, let no one find in them his chief rock of offence. A name is not so important as that. How many names, in a religion of rebirth, has not any one of us borne! It was better to give a name, than to say *x*, *y*, *z*. But if the reader prefer, let him call each such person the *x* at the source of some historical development:—Some person (*x*) will have started the legends clustering round 'the Tree'; some person will have led in the great editorial business of labelling, rewording and what not, chiefly, say, at Sāvatthi and also elsewhere; some person will have first uttered the gospel of the 'divine moods,' more properly 'divine will,' annexed by the Sakyan teachers.

The one thing that can justify such a book as this, without further explanation, is the aim to get nearer the truth about the life and work of its subject. That here and there, details given are without documentary support need not mislead the reader who is unversed in those documents. It is of the first importance not to mislead such, and the following notes are to guide him. By these he may just note, or in noting consult, to what extent the venerable collection of accretions, called Pali Canon and Commentaries, lends support or the absence of support to what is here set down. The one thing that most of all matters is that he sees the very Man—the 'man-in-man,' who uses but is not body or mind—speaking to the man-in-man in each reader.

BOOKS QUOTED

In many cases these are samples of several similar passages. The editions in most cases are those of the Pali Text Society, Oxford University Press, London. Dial. = *Dialogues of the Buddha*, trs. by T. W. and C. A. F. Rhys Davids. F. Dial. = *Further Dialogues of the Buddha*, trs. by Lord Chalmers. Kin. S. = *Kindred Sayings*, trs. by Mrs. Rhys Davids and F. L. Woodward. Texts untranslated are cited in initials. Readers of Pali will understand. *Buddhist Birth Stories*, by Rhys Davids, in Broadway Translation Series, Routledge.

[1] E.g. Dial. ii, pp. 13 f.; iii, p. 60 f; 132 f.

[2] *Ib.* ii, p. 7.

[3] *Ib.*; *Sisters*, ver. 162; *B. Birth St.*, p. 149.

[4] *Dial.* ii, 16; iii, p. 138.

[5] Sutta-Nipāta, Nālaka-sutta. Brewster, *Life of Gotama the Buddha*, p. 3.

[6] Dial. ii, 13 f.

[7] *B. Birth St.*, p. 160 f.

[8] Buddhacarita II, 46 ; Jinacarita, 170, 172. She is called in the older books simply Rāhula-mātā, and once, Bhadda-Kacchā (Buddhavamsa, 26), but in the Apadāna and Jātaka she is called Yasodharā.

[9] *B. Birth St.*, p. 165.

[10] Vinaya Texts (S.B.E.) I, 102 f.

[11] *Nippurisā :* non-men. The books thus describe the music-players in his house.

[12] Cambridge History of India, I, 'Economic Conditions' esp. p. 216.

[13] Gotama is so called : Kindred Sayings, I, 173 : 'Lord of the Caravan !' Wrongly translated 'of the pilgrim band' in Dial. II, 32. Other Buddhas so-called : Apadāna, 80.

[14] Vin. T. I, 81 f. ; A., i, 261 ; Anāthapindika, *ibid.* III, 179 f. ; *B. Birth St.*, 228.

[16] Dial. II, 18 f.

[17] F. Dial. ii, CXXX ; A. I, 138, *cf.* F. Dial. II, 255 f.

[18] Dial. II, 22.

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 167.

[20] Buddhist Birth Stories, p. 172.

[21] Lalita Vistara. This late poem has preserved the tradition in this matter. It was the Jain centre, when Mahāvīra Vardhamāna began his mission.

[22] Vin. T. II, 108 f.

[23] *Ibid.*

[24] *Ibid.*

[25] Vin. T. I, 90. They are alluded to *as* monks (*bhikkhu*, almsmen), e.g., F. Dial. I, 122.

[26] F. Dial. I, 174 f.

[27] *Ibid.*, 175 f.

[28] Commentaries on Therīgāthā (XLVI), M. I, 35, etc. ; Psalms of the Sisters, p. 65.

[29] Psalms of the Sisters, XXIV, XXI, II, XI.

[30] *Ibid.* LV.

[31] Dhammapada Commentary, verse 53 ; trs. Warren's Buddhism in Translations, § 101 ; Burligame, Buddhist Legends, II. 59.

[32] F. Dial. I, 268 f.

[33] Vin. T. I, 92.

[34] Cf. the 50th vol. Sac. Bks. of the East : arts. on Householder, Marriage, Funerals, Sacrifice, etc.

[35] Vin. T. I, 73 f.

[36] *Ibid.*; Dial. II, 24 f.; Kin. S. ii, 6 f.

[37] *B. Birth St.*, 190 f.

[38] Kin. S. I, 156 f.

[39] Dial. ii, 6.

[40] Vinaya Pitaka, I, 10.

[41] Vin. T. I, 94.

[41a] Cf. Sutta Nipāta, ver. 68.

[42] E.g. Dial. II, 29; F. Dial. I, 117; S. V, 420, etc., etc.

[43] F. Dial. I, 359.

[44] A. I, 136 (= Nip. III, 34).

[45] Vin. T. I, 90; F. Dial. I, 121.

[46] Pss. of the Sisters LXVIII (C(h)āpā).

[47] *Vara*, used for (*a*) a boon, (*b*) better, elect.

[48] Iti-Vuttaka, § 27.

[49] Kin. S. IV, 68. There has been an elaboration here into: "mother-minded, sister-minded, daughter-minded."

[50] Kin. S. i, 174 f.

[51] Kin. S. I, 86; A. i, 83, 132.

[52] Kin. S. iii, 31 (*dele* there f. note 3).

[53] *Ibid.*, p. viii. Sānkhyā-Kārikā, Sutra 64.

[54] Kin. S. iii, p. I f.

[55] F. Dial, ii, 113. (The transl. there is more free than as given here.)

[56] Kathāvatthu Commentary. Points of Controversy, p. 7.

[57] Kin. S. ii, 193 f.

[58] F. Dial. ii, 17; Kin. S. ii, 23, 45, 66, etc.

[59] Vin. Texts; I, 146: 'Whatsoever has causally arisen is what may be stopped.'

[60] Cf. below, p. 178 f.

[61] Dial. I, 30 f.

[62] A. i, 5 f.

[63] Dial. II, 131.

[64] Further Dialogues, i, 68; A. ii, 2 (verse); Pss. of the Brethren, ver. 63.

[65] Brihadārañyaka Upanishad, 3, 2, 13.

[66] See-below, p. 180.

[67] F. Dial. I, 107.

68 Dial. I, 123, etc.; F. Dial. I, 258, etc., etc. Kin. S. I, 192. 'lore and conduct'; 208, 'lore and ritual,' etc., etc.
69 Vin. T. I, 99, 113.
70 Kin. S. I, 212.
71 E.g., D. i, 62; Kin. S. i, 99, 'inner (guard)'; A. i, 16.
72 *Adhyātma:* Kaushītaki, Chāndogya, Brihadārañyaka Upanishad, etc.
73 Vinaya I, 8; Vin. T. I, 90.
74 Vin. T. I, 97.
75 *Ibid.* II, 240; Dhammapada Commentary on verse 41.
76 Vin. T. I, 98.
77 See above, p. 73.
78 Vin. T. I, 144 f.
79 Dial. III, 16.
80 F. Dial. II, 121.
81 *Ib.* II, 307 f.
82 *Ib.* I, 103 f.
83 Vin. T. II, 32; Udāna v, 6.
84 Netti-pakarana. PTS. ed. E. Hardy.
85 Netti, p. 78 f. JRAS, 1925, p. 111.
86 A. i, 23 f.
87 F. Dial., 207 f.
88 Pss. of the Brethren, verses 645-49.
89 Vin. T. I, 100.
90 *Ibid.*, 116 f.
91 Brihadārañyaka Upan, 4, 2, 3; Maitri Upan., 7, 11.
92 Points of Controversy, p. 60.
93 Vin. T. I, 134 f.
94 F. Dial. II, 324 f.
95 Vin. T. I, 118 f. Cf. Zoroaster, by Williams Jackson, p. 85.
96 Kin. S. i, 184.
97 *Ibid.*, III, 78 f.
98 *Ibid.*, I, 112.
99 Dial. III, 8 f.; cf. F. Dial. I, 45 f.
100 Kin. S. i, 156.
101 Vin. T. I, 102 f.
102 *Ibid*, p. 207 f.
103 Apadāna, p. 584.

104 Vin. T. III, 320 f.
105 Vin. T. II, 223 ; Dial. II, 98 ; etc., etc.
106 Br. Up., 3, 7.
107 Kin. S. IV, 107.
108 A. V, 133 f. ; Points of Controversy, 331.
109 Compendium of Philosophy (P.T.S.), p. 57.
110 F. Dial. II, 20.
111 A. II, 184.
112 Brihadāraṅyaka Upanishad, 4, 3, 7 f.
113 Kin. S. II, xii.
114 Dial. II, 66, *n.* 3 ; Kin. S. iii, 47 ; i, 152 ; iii, 106.
115 Vin. T. III, 150.
116 F. Dial. II, 288.
117 A. V, 54 f.
118 Pss. of the Sisters, LXII ; Pss. of the Brethren, CCII.
119 Kin. S. i, 267 f. ; Dhammapada Comy. on verse 326.
120 Pss. of the Sisters, LXIII.
121 *Ibid.*, XXXIII.
122 *Ibid.*, XLVII, cf. XLVIII-L.
123 *Ibid.*, LI.
124 *Ibid.*, LXVI.
125 Dial. II, 102 f.
126 Pss. of the Brethren, p. xxxi ; cf. Dhammapada Commentary on verses 318, 319.
127 Pss. of the Sisters, p. 16 f.
128 *Ibid.*, p. 47 f.
129 Kin. S. I, 177.
130 Pss. of the Sisters, p. 19 f.
131 *Ibid.*, p. 111 f.
132 *Ibid*, p. 184 f.
133 *Ibid.*, pp. 44 f., 181.
134 *Ibid*, p. 81 f.
135 Dial. I, 87.
136 F. Dial. II, 304 ; Kin. S. iii, 1. (Neither ' of great intellect,' nor ' worshipful ' rightly renders the word.)
137 Comy. on Dīgha, i, 136.
138 Pss. of the Sisters LXVII.
139 *Ibid.* LXIX.

140 *Ibid.* LXX, LXXI.

141 *Ibid.*, LXXII, LXXIII.

142 *Ibid.* p. 176.

143 *Ibid.*, XXXIV.

144 *Ibid.*, XLVI.

145 A. V, 54.

146 Dial. II, 7.

147 Pss. of the Brethren, p. 402.

148 F. Dial. I, 148.

149 *Ibid.* II, 247.

150 Jhāne thito, verse 918.

151 Pss. of the Brethren, CCXXXII.

152 *Ibid.*, p. 47.

153 *Ibid.* CCLXII.

154 *Ibid.* LXXIII.

155 Kern, Indian Buddhism, p. 46.

156 E.g., F. Dial. I, 49 (clearly implied in the Pali text); A. ii, 112, etc., etc.

157 Dial. ii, 99.

158 A. i, 138; F. Dial. III, 255 f.

159 Kin. S. iii, 92.

160 F. Dial. ii, 157.

161 *Ibid.* ii, 189, 163.

162 Dial. II, 261.

163 *Ibid.* I, 197; II, 11; 255.

164 *Ibid.*, I, 67.

165 Visuddhi Magga, p. 554, trans. in writer's *Buddhism*, 145.

166 Vin. Texts, III, p. 7 f.

167 Buddhist Psychological Ethics, § 160, etc.

168 A. I, 87; F. Dial. I, 209, too freely rendered as 'instruction imparted.' *Parato* has a different emphasis from *aññassa* 'of a different person.' It means something 'as not one's self,' with a deep significance, as in Pss. of the Sisters, ver. 101; see note there.

169 A. I, 52, 94.

170 Dial. II, 174.

171 *Ibid.*, I, 317, etc. Cf. writer's art. in JRAS., April, 1928.

172 Expositor (Commentary on Dhammasangani), p. 293 f.

173 Khuddakapātha, Sutta Nipāta.

174 Vinaya Texts III, chap. vii.

175 *Ibid.*, p. 258 ; cf. I, 266.

176 Pss. of the Brethren, p. 254 f.

177 A. I, 23.

178 *Ibid.*, III, 276.

179 Dial. I, 76.

180 A. I, 136 f.

181 Kin. S. ii, 26 (cf. Introduction).

182 Pss. of the Brethren, p. 359 f. Cf. Kin. S. ii, 136.

183 A. I, 205 f.

184 Dial. III, 168 f.

185 Questions of King Milinda, S.B.E., vols. 35, 36.

186 Kin. S. II, 136.

187 Pss. of the Brethren, p. 351, etc.

188 F. Dial. I, 268 f.

189 Vin. Texts III, 380.

190 F. Dial. II, e.g. 263 f., 267, 'exposition' (*uddesa*) ; and p. 268, 'terse utterance' (*sankhittena*) ; p. 283, 'terse summary' (*sankhittena uddesāsu*) ; and 291, 'synopsis' (*uddesa*).

191 Kin. S. I, ch. iii.

192 E.g. A. I, 205 ; Vin. T. II, 216 f.

192a Dial. II, 85 ff.

193 Vin. T. II, 240 f. ; cf. Dhammapada Comy. on verse 41.

194 Kin. S. I, 88, *n.* 3.

195 Dhammapada, ch. xii.

196 Kin. S. III, 106.

197 Dial. II, 137 f.

198 *Ibid.*, p. 164.

199 *Ibid.*, p. 173.

200 *Ibid.*, p. 171.

201 *Ibid.*, p. 108 ; lit. "Be ye they who have the 'man' as their lamp," etc.

202 *Ibid.*, p. 173, and 172.

203 *Ibid.*, p. 183 f.

204 Cf. Dial. III, 132 ff.

205 Dīpavamsa, Mahāvamsa, chs. I, XV.

206 A. I, 188 f.

207 E.g., Kin. S. iv, 8.

208 Dial. II, 32 ; F. Dial. I, 119 ; Kin S. i, 173.

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